THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1939 NUMBER 1280

Appease Porridge Cold

Those who are puzzled by the difficulty in creating an alliance between Britain and the Soviet Union overlook one simple fact. The Soviet statesmen have said as plainly as diplomatic language allows that they are suspicious of the sincerity of the Chamberlain government. One need know nothing more than the recent history of Czecho-Slovakia and Spain to understand why this is so. Stalin, unlike pro-British Americans and soft-headed Britishers, does not believe in the sudden conversion of British Tories.

The sticking point of the negotiations for the moment is the refusal of Britain to guarantee Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The excuse, as usual, is that these states don't want to be guaranteed. Moscow fears, however, that Germany will use them as gateways of attack. If Russia then resists before the German armies reach her own soil, Britain will be under no obligation to join the war—unless the states in question request Russia's assistance. That they would do so, under German domination or threats, is unlikely.

Reports from London indicate that the appeasers are still active, under the surface. The Week tells us that Sir John Simon dictated an editorial in The London Times which advocated invocation of Article XVI of the League Covenant in the event of new German aggression, on the ground that while Britain and France had declared the obligations of this article were discretionary as far as they were concerned, the Soviet Union was automatically bound by it. The effect of such a Times editorial in Moscow may be imagined, unrealistic though its logic is. What it implied was that Britain was still looking for a trap to involve Russia in war with Germany, while she stayed out. The editorial may have been calculated sabotage.

More startling yet is the rumor in Pearson and Allen's syndicated column that Hitler has delivered to Stalin copies of correspondence between Berlin, London and Paris, in which the British pointed out that the only logical place for the expanding German population was not Southeastern Europe, but the Ukraine. These conversations were held after Munich.

Liberty Wins

In a world of dispiriting events, it is pleasant to wake up in the morning and read on the front page that the United States Supreme Court has fully upheld the right of free speech and assembly in Jersey City. Mayor Hague is not the law, and he can no longer forbid the CIO, the American Civil Liberties Union or anybody else to meet in streets or parks or to distribute handbills, and he cannot prescribe any prior conditions for meetings or force people to obtain permits for them. The Bill of Rights of the United States Constitution thus becomes a living force for civil liberties, though for years the courts had applied it almost exclusively in cases involving property rights. It does not seem as if there could be any catch in this decision, though further study of the dissenting opinions by Justices Roberts

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and Stone is necessary before we can be sure that Hague may not try some new legal dodge. Incidentally, it is encouraging to note the majority of five to two, even without Justices Frankfurter and Douglas, who were appointed after the case was heard.

This is a glorious victory, but still it is only a beginning. It remains for the democratic forces in New Jersey to organize both economically and politically and end Hague's dictatorship. The same principles still have to be applied in many other communities where liberty has been lost.

Goodbye to Judge Manton

Martin T. Manton, former senior United States Circuit Court Justice, has been tried and found guilty of accepting more than $664,000 from litigants appearing before him. "Accepting" is too mild a word: the government charged that some of these persons were blackmailed into paying under threat of an adverse verdict. The case has created a great sensation; Manton was the tenth ranking judge in the country, being exceeded in seniority only by the members of the Supreme Court. Years ago he barely missed appointment to that august body. During his term on the bench he sat in more than 2,500 cases. Already, action has been taken to reopen five of these, and if that example is generally followed among the defeated litigants, we shall have as pretty a legal mess as you would care to see.

The conservative press is taking the same line about this that it did about Richard Whitney. Judge Manton, it says, is so, so, wicked; but he is likewise so, so exceptional—one bad apple in a good barrel. With this diagnosis we disagree. Of course not many federal judges are corrupt. Judge Manton was unique in his brazen methods and the size of the take; though every well informed person knows that in recent years there have been queer doings in other places in the American judiciary, federal and local. What is really important, however, is that business men and politicians in their own practice did much the same sort of thing. The idea of the twenties was that the first law is Get The Money and the second law is Don't Get Caught. As to Judge Manton himself, ugly rumors had been in circulation in New York City for many years; gossips called him "the preying Manton." The Roosevelt administration deserves credit for being brave enough to ignore the odor and clean the stable.

Throttlebottom for President

The conservative Democrats are now out in the open in their drive to stop Roosevelt and the New Deal. Vice President Garner, through the customary mouthpiece, has announced that he will be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination next year, even though Mr. Roosevelt should decide to try it again. If renominated, the conservatives will withdraw from the convention and hold a rump caucus of their own. We find it hard to regard as serious the candidacy of a man who will be nearly seventy-three years old when the next President is inaugurated; Garner is probably a stalking horse for some other anti-New Dealer. That he has been brought forward so early shows how bitter is the hostility to the President among the Tory Democrats. We have no doubt that they would prefer to see a Republican in the White House for the next four years rather than Mr. Roosevelt or any other New Dealer. The old party disguises are wearing pretty thin; the line-up is more than ever before progressive against conservative.

The "Squalus" and the "Thetis"

So far as we now know, the disaster to the "Squalus" came because a ventilator was open. Now we are told that the "Thetis" sank, with a loss of ninety-nine lives, because water came in through a torpedo tube. Inevitably, people are asking whether these two amazing disasters following one another so quickly on either side of the Atlantic may not have been the result of sabotage. We hope the official inquiries will be able to answer that question.

Senator Byrnes's Pocket Veto

We should like to ask Senator James F. Byrnes what he is doing about that resolution he has in his pocket. As chairman of the Senate Audit Committee he received, about six weeks ago, the resolution to appropriate $100,000 for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, and since then we haven't heard anything more about it. But there is still a big job for the La Follette Committee to do, in investigating the Associated Farmers, the reactionary organization that formed pick-handle brigades out on the West Coast. We hear it is moving eastward.

Perhaps Senator Byrnes thinks the Civil Liberties Section of the Department of Justice could handle that investigation just as well. If he does, he's wrong, for the section has no power to hold public hearings. It can, of course, make an investigation for the purpose of criminal prosecution. What is badly needed, though, is a series of hearings before the La Follette Committee to bring the Associated Farmers out into the open. If Senator Byrnes thinks there is nothing wrong with the Associated Farmers, then he ought to give them a chance to prove it.

Railroad Fares Come Down Again

The Eastern railroads have decided to reduce round-trip coach and Pullman rates by an average of about 20 percent. Nice as that will be for those of us who ride on trains, we are unable to control a sharp snort of dis-

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Railroads, "Boys, your passenger rates are too high. It would be to *your own interest*, to say nothing of the public's, to cut them. So we are going to order you to reduce your prices." Despite the wailing and the moaning of the Eastern railroad magnates, who swore that government interference in their businesses could lead only to anarchy and damnation, rates were reduced. With the lowered fares in effect, the Eastern railroads showed substantial increases in their total revenue. But the railroads were too busy fighting the ICC in the courts to notice that the ICC's ruling had been to their advantage. On July 26, 1938, after the ICC had agreed to an eighteen-month period for experimentation, the Eastern railroads confidently raised their rates again—despite the warnings of all the economic experts. In the eleven months since, of course, their revenues have fallen off. The railroads now admit, by their voluntary action, that the ICC was right.

The Flag and the Star

The great War of Flushing Meadows is over. An American flag has been erected a few feet higher than the star held aloft by a Russian worker in a statue before the Soviet Pavilion, and peace once more reigns. A group of professional patriots, nearly all of them Catholics, had flown into hysterics on discovering that the Soviet star was farther from the ground than anything else at Mr. Whalen's little show. They promptly demanded a boycott of the Fair as long as this horrible condition continued, pledging large numbers of people to follow this policy. We may question whether persons stupid enough to fly into a passion over such a bit of voodoo as the relative physical position of two symbols of statehood would benefit greatly from the Fair in any case; but Mr. Whalen's cohorts, with laudable pacifist intentions, rushed to the rescue. We understand that Old Glory now flies from the top of the parachute concession; the symbolism is not the happiest, but indubitably the flag has more altitude than the star. . . . We note with regret that among the loudest of those who complained about the Soviet star was Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Mgr. Sheen has always been represented to us as an intelligent man. We wish he would explain what in the world he was doing in such company.

In Search of a Country

The terrible position of the 900 German Jews aboard the liner "St. Louis," who have been refused admission to Cuba in spite of their visas, brings even more vividly to the attention of Americans the heartbreaking dilemma of all the refugees from Germany. The Cuban government is no more—and no less—hard-hearted in this respect than all the other governments of the world who refuse free admission to their country. It and that if the refugees were admitted Cuba would be flooded with thousands more. Yet these refugees are for the most part on the quota list, awaiting their turn to enter the United States, and they obtained their Cuban visas in good faith. Even if they were not sent to concentration camps on their return to Germany they would suffer great humiliation and misery there. It seems possible now that the 900 will find temporary refuge either in Cuba or in other countries that will admit them under bond. No doubt Americans will gladly contribute to their support. But there are hundreds of others who haven't made the front pages.

Off the coast of South America 200 more refugees are cruising on the "Caporte," the "Monte Olivia" and the "Mendoza," refused admission to Uruguay to pass through to Paraguay, because their Paraguayan visas were not honored. From the Mediterranean it is reported that there are 424 refugees marooned and destitute on the island of Crete. Illegal immigrants to Palestine who are not so marooned by unscrupulous captains are most fortunate, however, in being admitted and given a number on a future quota. Here is a policy that might be worked out by other countries, including the United States, to end one of the shameful tragedies of our time.

Writers' Congress

The third American Writers' Congress was much more interesting from a literary point of view than the two that preceded it. At the sessions in New York City on the week-end of June 2-4, more writers were present than before—between five and six hundred—and more of them took part in the discussions. There is a necessary comparison to be made with the World Congress of Writers held early in May by the international PEN Clubs. In general the PEN writers are more conservative and in the past their meetings have had little to do with public questions. This year, however, so many of their fellow members had been exiled or silenced by the dictatorships that they were almost forced to center their discussions on political matters—a notable development. The League of American Writers, unlike the PEN, is composed for the most part of people standing politically to the left of center. They had talked about public questions at their two previous congresses (and talked about them too much). This time, finding themselves in general agreement, they confined political exhortations chiefly to the public meeting at Carnegie Hall. At the closed sessions for delegates, they were concerned with the important technical question of how to reach the widest possible audience. There were sessions on radio writing, screen writing and folk literature, as well as the usual sessions on fiction, poetry and criticism. There was an impassioned session that dealt with the writers in exile. The

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things) cheaper books, cheaper theatre tickets, more and better translations from foreign languages, and a prize like the Pulitzer Prizes for the best radio writing of the year.

Still Another Committee

Two weeks ago, we reported in our columns the creation of a new American group, the Committee for Cultural Freedom. Now a new group has arrived, the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism, acting secretary Mr. Dwight Macdonald. Like the Committee, the League is gravely concerned by "advancing reaction" throughout the world and especially the United States. After listing various forms of censorship at home the League says:

> Cultural circles, formerly progressive, are now capitulating to the spirit of fascism while ostensibly combatting its letter. They fight one falsehood with another. To the deification of Hitler and Mussolini they counterpose the deification of Stalin, the unqualified support of Roosevelt. . . . It goes without saying that we do not subscribe to that currently fashionable catchword: "Neither communism nor fascism." On the contrary, we recognize that the liberation of culture is inseparable from the liberation of the working classes and of all humanity. Shall we abandon the ideals of revolutionary socialism because one political group, while clinging to its name, has so miserably betrayed its principles? . . . We demand *complete freedom for art and science. No dictation by party or government.* . . .

Among the signers of this document are James Burnham, F. W. Dupee, James T. Farrell, James Laughlin IV, William Phillips, Philip Rahv, John Brooks Wheelwright, James Rorty and Bertram D. Wolfe.

Commenting two weeks ago on the Committee for Cultural Freedom, we said that "some of its members are widely supposed to be followers of the anti-libertarian Trotsky." Dr. John Dewey in his letter on page 161 of this issue observes, "I will explicitly state there is no 'Trotskyist' among the signers." Persons who follow the practically incessant divisions and redivisions among sectarians on the left tell us Dr. Dewey is correct, that a crack has appeared in the ranks of the anti-Moscow communists and that the League now represents that part of the group which has stuck to its guns. We pass along this report with diffidence, however, since keeping track of Left politics is a whole-time job by itself, and we have other things to do.

News Notes of a Week

Germany acquired from Bolivia the concession for a huge modern air base now under construction at the Bolivian town of Trinidad. In return, Germany will give arms, munitions, motorized army equipment and airplanes. . . . Hitler guaranteed Yugoslavia's borders the Yugoslav regent. The Germans claim that Yugoslavia is now safe for the Axis.

The United States Supreme Court ruled that the proposed Child Labor Amendment is still open to ratification by the states, since in the absence of a time limit set by the Congress the Court has no power to fix one. . . . The Court also upheld the federal-state milk-marketing agreements, regulating prices paid to dairy farmers, in the New York and Boston areas. . . . Homer Martin's faction of the United Auto Workers voted overwhelmingly to enter the AFL. The union claims about 70,000 members. . . . Major General George Van Horn Moseley, retired, testified at length before the Dies Committee. He declared that Jews in the United States who are affiliated with the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, the Jewish Labor Committee and B'nai B'rith should be denied office-holding, suffrage and all other rights of citizenship. General Moseley says he is trying to save the country.

Money to Make the Mare Go

THERE ARE SIGNS IN WASHINGTON that the administration is preparing to act upon the thesis that in order to achieve recovery there must be more expenditure of capital funds in industry. The only measure at the moment under serious consideration by Congress to implement this purpose is the Mead bill, under which loans by banks to "small business"—that is, loans up to $1,000,000 each—would be guaranteed by the government for 90 percent of their value. Thus it is hoped to open the gates of the enormous credit resources held by the banks, and release purchasing power to the people through expansion of business operations.

The surface arguments for this proposal are appealing. There is no lack of money available to lend—the banks have enormous surplus reserves. But much of the money is not flowing out into use in the only way it can flow out, through the borrowings of those who might spend it. Various reasons are assigned for this admittedly unhealthy situation. Some say it is lack of confidence on the part of business, or a lack of investment opportunity. But this may apply only to the big industrial corporations that are not usually dependent on bank loans for financing anyway. A great many small business men who actually want money cannot get it. They say the banks pay no attention to them, or are overcautious in assuming risks. Banks, it is charged, since their scare in 1933, will do nothing but keep their money in cash or government securities. Small business, in turn, when it tries to raise money through private investment bankers, finds the cost pro-

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speculative issues anyway. Since it is necessary in the general interest for someone to assume this risk, and since nobody else will do so, the government must.

Extension of government credit operations into fields where private banking had made a muddle has been steady for a long time. First—under the Republicans—it went into farm credit in numerous ways, and has succeeded since 1932 in greatly lowering interest rates without undue loss. Then, through the RFC, it made emergency loans to private industries and governmental agencies. Later it undertook loans for home-owning, house-repairing and the building of public housing. It has also, through the Export-Import Bank, been called upon to finance foreign trade. So numerous have become the various governmental credit agencies that by the new reorganization plan they are to be centralized under direct White House supervision. To add guaranteed loans to small business in general seems like a logical next step. There is a sort of social inevitability about the advance of governmental enterprise into credit operations where private enterprise is insufficient.

The argument against the plan is chiefly that if there were an opportunity to make safe loans now, they would be made by the banks without further encouragement. The banks can have no fear of scarcity of funds; they stand only to profit by earning higher interest rates than they can now obtain on government issues. They were criticized, and justly so, for taking unsound risks in the great boom. Why should Congress now step in and render it easy for them to make the same mistake again? Not every business man who wants a loan ought to have it.

There is force in this objection. Nobody knows whether the would-be borrowers are right or the bankers are right. It would be possible, by eliminating most of the risk on the part of the makers of a loan, to flood the country with projects that would only end disastrously for all concerned. But the answer is not to maintain the status quo; it is to establish the right kind of credit policies nationally. And that, we are sure from former experience, is likely to be done only under a governmental agency.

The decisions of individual bankers are often unreliable, when judged by results. Sometimes they are overoptimistic, sometimes overcautious. Their judgment often depends more on the prevailing sentiment of the financial community than it does on objective analysis. Sometimes, too, it is influenced by favored or allied interests. In addition, there is the consideration that on many occasions a loan given by a single bank to a single business would be unsafe unless other banks at the same time were making many loans to many businesses.

We do hope, however, that in this case the matter will not end simply by transfer of the risk from private banks to the government. If government takes the risk, it must also control the policy. And intelligent control of policy requires careful and shrewd planning. Credit expansion linked to a general and sound program for production, wages and prices could be an immense gain for the nation. Mere hit-or-miss credit expansion might lead to the same sort of mess that the bankers helped to produce in 1929.

Work Relief and States' Rights

SEVERAL PROPOSALS are pending before Congress that would dismantle the federal work-relief program and would turn over federal relief funds to the states for them to administer as they see fit. Some of these proposals come from Republicans and one at least from a conservative Democratic source. Such plans are put forward in the name of economy, states' rights and local initiative, and the elimination of politics from relief. There is good reason to believe, however, that these plans are really an attempt to destroy the work program entirely and go back to to the dole.

Economy would not be served by this action. In the past, when federal money has been turned over to the states, cost of administration has averaged 10.7 percent of the total and in individual cases has run as high as 17 percent. The WPA costs 3.4 percent. Where does the economy lie in substituting forty-eight states and 3,000 local administrations for a unified federal program? The only economy would be that achieved by curtailing or destroying the whole effort.

States' rights are not involved. Unemployment is a national problem; many of the most important WPA projects are interstate in character. Local communities are no more specially competent to handle the unemployment question than they are to handle the problem of war.

Politics would not be eliminated. Every scandal thus far in the WPA has been created by local political machines. The great mistake the Roosevelt administration made was in relinquishing control of the actual work of the WPA to localities, retaining only a supervisory capacity. The states ought to have far less autonomy than they have today, not more. The best hope for honesty lies in the power of Washington to hold a club over the ambitious local political racketeers. To give the money unrestrictedly to the states would too often mean giving it to machines like that of Pendergast in Kansas City (still functioning though the boss is in jail) and Hague in Jersey City.

The present WPA program is far from perfect, but recent legislation has given better control against political abuses. The WPA can be improved materially whenever Congress follows th

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Congressman Voorhis and provides enough money for equipment, for proper supervision and for permanent planning.

God in Modern Dress

O is for the Oxford Group,
A merry, morbid little troop
Who'll proudly tell you all their vices,
And how they felt, and which was nicest.

WOLCOTT GIBBS'S POEM in a recent issue of The New Yorker hit neatly upon one reason for the success of Dr. Frank Buchman's revivalist movement. It has sex appeal. "F.B."'s famous house parties (the modern, middle-class substitute for campfire rallies) won much publicity and some recruits on account of the sexy gossip that surrounded "sharing." "Sharing," one of the terms in the long list of Buchmanite jargon, described the process of "washing out" the convert by making him discuss his sins before an enraptured group. To the audience, it was as interesting as a Thorne Smith novel. To the convert, it was often more satisfactory, erotically, than the original error, and to the Sunday-supplement feature writers, it was paradise. No one needed to feel inhibited or guilty, because the purpose seemed so pure.

Once "washed out" by "sharing," the prospective Group member was ready for divine "guidance" in "the Quiet Time." God's orders came by a faintly unsubstantial process called "two-way radio chats with Him." From then on the convert, provided he kept his mind off the nifty blonde at the next house party, could count on Him as a constant companion, adviser and investment counsellor.

At present "F.B."'s road company is touring the United States (where the Movement has always been a comparative flop), but the sex appeal is under wraps. This season the Group has changed its slogan to "Moral Rearmament," and has stressed "good sportsmanship" in its appeals. H.W. ("Bunny") Austin, the former British tennis ace, is a new recruit and the "editor" of a slim promotional booklet, "Moral Rearmament: the Battle for Peace." The connection between Austin's demonstrated ability as a tennis stylist and his assumed responsibility as a moral rearmer is a trifle vague, but he has attracted many other distinguished sportsmen into the Buchman camp, along with a few of his old admirers among the reporters.

The sport *motif* is, at least for the moment, all important. The ills of the world are to be solved by a "rising tide" of sportsmanlike honesty and unselfishness. The world is bad, Buchman, argues, because nations are hostile. Nations are hostile because men are selfish. Men are bad, obviously, because they haven't heard Bunny Austin explain how he discovered some-

Ernest Sutherland Bates, in the June issue of The American Mercury, assigns to Buchman and his British flock an important share of the blame for Munich. The British ruling class falls hard for MRA; Austin's pamphlet had the endorsement of twenty-five peers and twelve baronets in important government positions, thirty-three members of parliament, twenty-one leading journalists, seventeen trade-union heads, a number of industrialists and a few distinguished professors. And the Group's influence has been squarely behind the Chamberlain policy. For example, Buchmanite journalists in November took a voluntary pledge of Moral Rearmament to observe a "discipline of expression." They promised, in effect, not to print anything that might make the Prime Minister unhappy.

Buchmanism is strictly an upper-class movement, a not very logical but moving expression of concern about world affairs. Many of its members are deeply sincere. The tragedy is that the movement turns their reforming energy into dead-end streets. It offers consolation to middle-aged clubwomen who think, "Really, I ought to do something about the sharecroppers." All they need to do, to sleep easy, is to think, "The sharecropper problem would be solved if the landlords would only be better sports."

It is unlikely that MRA will make much of an impression in this country, despite the excellent promotion that accompanies its traveling show. President Roosevelt, Governor Herbert Lehman, General John J. Pershing and a long list of other distinguished Americans are lending their support, in varying degrees, to the Buchman ballyhoo. Still, the Oxford movement flopped in the United States before. We are suckers for cellophane wrapping, Powers models, chromium bathroom fixtures and double-page spreads in four colors, but it doesn't follow that we are willing to accept salesman Buchman and his broadcasting God.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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America and the Next War

WHAT IS the wisest attitude for Americans to take regarding a possible war in Europe? In the belief that our readers will be interested to know the views of New Republic contributors on this subject, we recently addressed an inquiry to 241 persons. This included every author of a signed contribution in The New Republic during the year ending May 8, except that we omitted persons known to us to be of foreign citizenship. Our letter asked these individuals to vote for one policy, or a combination of policies out of the following seven:

1. Neutrality of the kind existing before 1917—marked by emphasis on the traditional rights of the neutral to sell, to ship, to travel, to lend to all belligerents. This neutrality to be accompanied by political and military isolation.

2. A rigorous attempt to keep out of war by embargoing the sale at least of munitions, forbidding loans and travel, and restricting the sale of other goods by some such measure as the "cash-and-carry plan." It is recognized that this policy in fact will favor Britain and France, though its chief emphasis is to keep out of war by maintaining legal neutrality.

3. Modification of (2) by allowing the sale of munitions and possibly the extension of loans, with the intention of giving more help to Britain and her allies, even at somewhat greater risk of being drawn into war.

4. The same sort of help for Great Britain—but only after she has helped herself by entering into a bloc of anti-Fascist powers (including Russia) and has given binding assurances that she is fighting for democratic aims.

5. One-sided economic embargoes, applied only against "aggressors" or "treaty violators"—with whatever risk of war this policy may bring.

6. Military help for Great Britain and her allies, if that is necessary to keep them from being defeated, but only on conditions such as those listed above.

7. A military alliance with Great Britain, either on the ground that this is the only means of preventing war, or else on the ground that we cannot afford to let Germany dominate Europe and destroy the British navy.

A number of our correspondents have criticized the form of this questionnaire, as we knew would be the case. It is impossible, in an area of public discussion where emotions are so deep and feeling so strong, to phrase any statement of preferences so as to please everyone. While we do not claim perfection for our phraseology, we believe the answers we have obtained are sufficient evidence that the choice of policies was a genuine one.

As might be expected of New Republic contributors, those who answered proved highly literate, not to say vocal. A large number accompanied their choices by ited by the framework of the questionnaire and started afresh. The editors have used their best judgment in deciding what general policy is supported by these statements, and have entered the votes accordingly.

At this writing, we have received 144 replies. Among these policy No. 4 leads with 47 votes, and policy No. 2 is second with 42. The fifth choice comes next with 33 votes, then the sixth with 15, the third with 8 and the seventh with 6. Policy No. 1 gets three votes.

The foregoing figures are arrived at by adding three totals. First, we have set down in the appropriate column all the answers of individuals who voted for one policy alone. We also have credited under the proper headings the votes of the persons who simultaneously elected two or more of the policies enumerated. Finally we have given the choices, when a clear verdict was indicated, of those who refused to commit themselves to any one of our seven choices.

Among those who refused to accept any of our seven labels there were nine who were clearly in favor of helping "the democracies" short of going to war. Five others favored, in general, maintaining American neutrality. Two wanted practically complete pacifism, and one asked that we center our attention upon the maintenance of democracy as opposed to "the democracies," which he regards with deep suspicion.

The fourth policy, with the largest number of votes, was supported, among others, by Morris Lewellyn Cooke, George Seldes, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Matthew Josephson, Leo Huberman, William Allen White, Joshua Kunitz, Van Wyck Brooks and Nigel Dennis. Some of the statements follow in whole or in part:

At this time—at any one time—we can only give our policy *direction*. My chief reservation in voting for any measure of European coöperation is as to the quality of British democracy. . . . Our big fight is for a genuine variety of democracy. Whatever can actively help this along at any one time I am for. MORRIS LEWELLYN COOKE

Point four is the nearest to my viewpoint. It is obvious that Reaction is aggressive, that it means war, that it will attack and attempt to destroy the democracies. Germany, Italy, Japan and Franco's gang apparently intend to conquer the world, and that includes the United States. We can either wait for the attack and defend ourselves, or we can join a union of the anti-fascist powers. If we do, there probably will be no war, but we must take the risk. It is a matter of life or death. It is the only war worth fighting.
GEORGE SELDES

I think I favor No. 4 because though I would like policy No. 6 to be tried, I am afraid if the time came ever

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the actual decision. Considering the character of British policy, I think this is one of the times. NATHAN ASCH

The overthrow of the present Tory government is obviously a prerequisite of any "binding assurances," since the Chamberlain government has repeatedly shown that it is willing to sacrifice not only the interest of other nations but even that of the British Empire itself for the sake of the immediate economic interests of the English ruling class. Let England once put her own house in order and the whole question will take on an entirely different aspect.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

As nearly as I can come to any conclusion I am inclined to put a hesitant check beside your solution. No. 4—recognizing, of course, the inadequacy of any "binding assurances" Chamberlain might give and the difficulty of finding "democratic aims" in terms that would stick. I suspect that, as a matter of plain power politics, we have got to back Britain against a Nazi-Fascist coalition. But I should like to see us drive a harder bargain than we did last time.

TED OLSON

I have marked policy No. 4 and I would endorse that only with a specific, open, advertised agreement that in Asia we should make no alliance with Japan or Germany which would threaten the territorial integrity of Russia, England or Holland in Pacific waters. It seems to me that Japan, as an aggressor in China, has forfeited the respect of the world so that no European agreement, understanding or treaty should be made which would give Japan a free hand in the Far East. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The only war that can be termed an anti-Fascist one must have the support of Russia. Any combination Great Britain might make under pretext of anti-aggression without Russia would only serve to save itself if possible and to allow Russia to fight the anti-Fascist war alone. Policy No. 4 might lead to No. 6 whether desired or not. There is no reason to support Great Britain as Great Britain. . . .

JOSEPHINE HERBST

So far policy No. 4 seems quite adequate. If war should break out despite this policy—an eventuality, in my opinion quite unlikely—and if there be *real* danger of the democracies being defeated, I should very reluctantly, as a last resort, in desperation, vote for policy No. 6.

On rereading policy No. 4, I should like to rephrase it a bit, so that it would express my meaning correctly:

The same sort of help for Great Britain and her allies—but only after they have helped themselves by entering into a bloc of anti-Fascist powers (including the USSR) and have given binding assurance that they are fighting for democratic aims. JOSHUA KUNITZ

The next most popular policy was No. 2, which received forty-two votes in all. It was supported, among others, by John Chamberlain, Allen Tate, McAlister Coleman, Angna Enters, Muriel Rukeyser, Horace Gregory, Hamilton Basso, Carleton Beals, Hartley Grattan, John T. Flynn, Dr. Charles A. Beard, Louis Richard L. Neuberger, Sydney Justin Harris, Harold M. Groves, Fred Rodell, Witter Bynner, C. Vann Woodward and Selden Rodman. Some of their statements follow, in whole or in part:

It seems to me that in the present circumstances the so-called Neutrality Act should be allowed to stand in its present form, especially since the cash-and-carry provision has lapsed. It has long been my opinion that the European powers whose immediate business is to stop Hitler and Mussolini dead in their tracks should get down to their business, without expecting to muddle around and then fall back on the United States. I said as much in an article in The American Mercury last April. Now in May, 1939, they appear to be buckling down to their own job. After they have stopped the saber-rattlers by a show of force, then let the aforesaid powers try to work out some decent plan for easing the tension in Europe. Meanwhile, any alteration in our Neutrality Act would be misinterpreted, no matter how worded. If the British government think that they can get anything out of the United States they will doubtless engage in more shilly-shally and this is no time to encourage them. To change the law now in their favor would merely confirm them in the hope that somebody else will help fight Britain's battles. A good horse trader looks at the horse and says nothing until he has made up his mind as to just what he intends to do and is prepared to do. CHARLES A. BEARD

I favor policy No. 2 on two grounds:

First, that it would keep us out of war and will not create a mountain of uncollectable debts for United States citizens to shoulder until Doomsday, and

Second, it weights the scales anyway in favor of the "democratic" nations who have the gold and the ships with which to "come and get it." As for the selfishness of policy No. 2, I assume that selfishness is going to dominate international politics in my lifetime. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In addition to policy No. 2, which I would make more stringent by eliminating "cash-and-carry" trade with belligerents, I would favor corresponding domestic policies leading to the development of a true national economy. We might develop national self-sufficiency if we wish strongly enough to stay out of war, and if the only way to stay out is to sacrifice our foreign trade. But this policy is fantastic: it won't happen. We shall fight another war for bogus "ideals." Even if we destroy Hitler and Mussolini, the result will be permanent dictatorship here because monopoly capitalism is so shaky that after a war it could not reorganize as "democracy." The Fascist-Marxist dilemma seems to me false; the question for us is, Shall we stay out of war and try to make some sort of capitalism work, or go into war and come out with dictatorship? Fascists ought to like the coming war. It is a mystery why the orthodox Communists want it: it will liquidate them in America. The politicians want it for the usual reason—passing the buck. My neighbors want it because (as one of them says) it takes a European three times as long to learn to drive an automobile as it does an American. I don't approve wholly of this reason, but it is as good as any

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My private policy, to buttress your No. 2, would be to have Congress immediately pass a law declaring that during, say, the next decade, no citizen of the United States shall be *drafted* to fight in any war entered upon by this country *unless* it be to help repel an actual military invasion of our boundary. If a war *is* a "just" war—as a war to repel invasion would be—it would instantly have volunteers by the million. JAMES DALY

I favor policy No. 2, modified to allow the sale of munitions to any country resisting "aggression," whether or not this prove favorable to Britain and her future allies.
MURIEL RUKEYSER

I lean more toward policy No. 2 than any other: and that because it includes the "cash-and-carry plan," which should tend to modify the ghastly extent to which we are already involved in Europe's economic history. We are already too deeply involved to talk of "isolation." . . . We should make whatever institutions now exist for the betterment of our ignorant and poor so strong that even war will not destroy them utterly. HORACE GREGORY

I feel that policy No. 2 would be difficult to carry out. My pessimism is deep concerning our ability to stay out of war. But since the chances are overwhelming that in the event we do enter a war, even for the noblest democratic aims, we shall come out of it with a Fascist or proto-Fascist dictatorship, I feel policy No. 2 should be advocated. In addition, it might be a good thing to make an exception: when a democratic or semi-democratic government is the object of a fascist revolt we ought to support that government with loans and arms. The real fascist enemy is always the fascist element within a given country. The present conflict in Europe, on the other hand, is still essentially an imperialist fight. Why should we mix with that?
REBECCA PITTS

I favor policy No. 2, plus special embargoes against violators of treaties (other than the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Nine Power Pact), which said violations directly menace the peace and security of the United States.
CARLETON BEALS

. . . If some brilliant writer could produce a comparative study of "democratic aims" (or ideals) I am sure most Americans would be startled to find how different our views are from those of the British and French. In my opinion "democratic aims" must remain a propaganda expression.

Embargoes of the type mentioned are acts of war. Really to pass judgment on this program one should know something about the objective aimed at. Have we that knowledge today?

No military alliances, please! (a) I do not believe that the piling up of arms by any single nation or through alliances of nations is a way to stop war. I cannot see that an Anglo-American alliance would destroy the internal tensions in Germany which are intensifying war hysteria, nor do I think such an alliance would help abate the tensions in the world in general. (b) I do not think it is in the cards British army." I have never thought so. In "Preface to Chaos," published in 1936, I expressed skepticism of German "might" and in Harper's for April, 1939, I reiterated my view. I note that Major Eliot takes the same position. Even on a forward basis, I doubt that Germany can accumulate the power to overwhelm France and England if they seriously attend to meeting the challenge. If they do not meet the challenge, why should the United States bolster up nations that have given notice they do not want to be "saved"?
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

You ask what this country should do about a war in Europe, and offer seven policies from which to choose, five of which favor Great Britain. In reply I am inclined to ask what and who is "this country," and what and who is Great Britain that we should favor it. Where fascism is in question, it seems to me that clarity begins at home. Our immediate task is to strengthen and implement democracy here, not to defend British and French imperialism, at the expense of subject peoples and of the workers in both countries. Under whatever slogans a war will be fought, the champions of freedom will become the image of the enemy. For that reason I favor policy No. 2, though I am not heartened by the fact that it will assist the appeasers of Germany and the supporters of Franco.
BABETTE DEUTSCH

Depending on circumstances. In general, No. 2 modified in the direction of No. 3 in so far as purely American interests seem to require. No. 4 would be lovely work if you could get it; but no assurances from Chamberlain seem very binding; labor could come to power in England now only as a receiver in bankruptcy; and anyway, for us to say that we would support only such and such a policy in England would be a good way to lose friends (if we have any) and alienate people. ELMER DAVIS

A really rigorous attempt to keep out of war (and sincere adherence to the Kellogg-Briand Pact) seems to me to include disarmament. I advocate immediate and complete disarmament as the only sincere and effective step toward peace. This of course would make munitions manufacture itself improper. I would (do) advocate prohibition of munitions manufacture. This makes embargo of foreign sale unnecessary. . . .

Complete disarmament, including abolition of munition manufacture; complete freedom of trade, residence and travel. C. E. AYRES

I favor policy No. 2. I would favor policy No. 4, but so many things must happen before the democratic powers deserve our help. Chamberlain must be repudiated by Britain and France must get rid of Bonnet. I would implement our foreign policy—or restrict it, if you will—with an amendment to the Constitution requiring a referendum vote before American troops can be sent to the other hemisphere.
RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

In general, I agree with policy No. 2. . . .

No foreign policy can keep us out of war if we ignore the vital issues at home; and no domestic policy can keep

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political and economic equalization and the extension of those civil rights we now enjoy. At the risk of oversimplifying the problem, I should venture the generalization that if we can beat the depression at home we can both stay out of a European war and greatly decrease the chances for Fascist success on our continent.

SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS

Alternative No. 2 comes closest to my preference. I do not see much possibility of a clear issue between institutions in Europe and nothing would be gained by actively participating in a struggle between rival imperialisms. Our own participation might make matters worse rather than better. On the positive side we should:

1. Maintain a liberal government in power at home; attack our internal economic problems to ensure against fascist developments in the United States.

2. Give all possible support to minority groups seeking to overthrow nationalistic and military regimes elsewhere.

3. Assume some leadership in a movement for a genuine New Deal in international affairs based upon equal opportunity for all and international good will.

HAROLD M. GROVES

Britain's Palestinian policy, though favoring the Arab majority, does not on the whole, after pledges, seem to me much fairer or honester than Hitler's in Czecho-Slovakia. *Cf.* Van Paassen's account in "Days of Our Years." We should not forget our earlier experience in buying the world for Britain and France—making war appear profitable.

WITTER BYNNER

Even the best of these policies is essentially negative and can't be successful except in the immediate future. This country can make a positive contribution to the basic factor behind all "ideologies" by (a) helping to initiate an international conference for the planning of world trade and raw materials and their juster distribution and (b) so balancing its own production and consumer power that the largest body of unemployed in the world today ceases to provide a horse-laugh for the enemies of democracy.

SELDEN RODMAN

In next week's issue of The New Republic we shall present the views of those who favored each of the other five policies, those who advocated several simultaneously and those whose opinions could not be put within the framework of our questionnaire.

Among those voting, many of whose replies will be given in full or in part, are Victor Yakhontoff, Nathaniel Peffer, Jerome Davis, George N. Shuster, William T. Stone, Quincy Howe, Jonathan Mitchell, Granville Hicks, Max Lerner, I. F. Stone, Upton Sinclair, John C. de Wilde, Lillian Hellman, John Temple Graves II, Louise Bogan, Lewis Mumford, George Fielding Eliot, Solomon F. Bloom and Leane Zugsmith.

One Reason Why Airplanes Crash

Union Labor's Fight Against the Wreckers

ATTORNEY GENERAL FRANK MURPHY announced on June 1 that the Department of Justice is taking great precautions against foreign espionage and sabotage in American airplane plants, especially on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Murphy's action seems to be belated acknowledgment of the situation that has twice been called to the attention of President Roosevelt by Harry Bridges. Mr. Murphy could months ago and very easily have substantiated Mr. Bridges' charges, by sending a few men into these factories to look around.

"To keep your job, just take a course in broken English," has long been a saying among aircraft workers in Southern California. It is of course an exaggeration; but guttural voices and thick German accents are heard all about; German workers heil Hitler; they have their own combined German soccer team; and there was loud celebration when Czecho-Slovakia passed into the shadows. German workmen take frequent trips to Germany; one has gone three times in the last five years, Monica, Nazi leaflets have been distributed. There is a Mantel Club, at which workers have to take 35 cents' worth of literature at every meeting: Jew-baiting and other Nazified pamphlets. The headquarters of the Mantel Clubs are at Wilmington, Delaware. And German workers at aircraft factories have been heard to deride the American government as "contemptible" and a "government of gangsters."

In the experimental departments, where new plans are first examined and new designs projected, there are a large number of Germans. They openly praise Nazism and proclaim their membership in the Bund. They argue with their American co-workers, showing themselves antagonistic to unions, individual liberties and Jews.

When Nazi boats arrive in Southern California, men from the aircraft factories have been seen boarding the steamers with quantities of blueprints under their arms. These reports have grave implications; they are

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that deliberate sabotage—and carelessness that amounts to sabotage—present in aircraft factories. Yet they have taken no action. Sabotage has been reported again and again, both to company officials and army inspectors, and nothing has been done except to threaten, demote or discharge the worker making the complaint.

Some of the big Southern California aircraft factories came there only recently, possibly lured by the open-shop conditions. The North American Aviation Company, a General Motors subsidiary, is the old Fokker Company; the Consolidated Aircraft Company at San Diego came from Buffalo. Many workers at Consolidated had been members of Nazi camps between Buffalo and Rochester. Men coming West, who had been working in these factories in the East, were promised the same wages as they had had before—$1 to $1.10 an hour. On arrival here they found their wages reduced to 70 and 80 cents—and these have now been lowered still more.

The labor situation in aircraft is one that lends itself peculiarly to exploitation. Advertisements of romance and shining duty lure boys in their teens to aviation schools, and these schools have close relations with the companies. At Burbank, where the Lockheed factory is located, the public schools offer courses in aviation; and during last fall's elections a particularly bitter political battle was fought as to whether the public should thus subsidize Lockheed by taxation. Many youngsters are put through aviation school on loans, which they have to repay from their earnings; and as "apprentices" their earnings average 40 cents an hour. Some even are employed in the factories while they are students and for this work, of course, are not paid.

The turnover in the aviation factories is very high, at times reaching 40 and 50 percent a year. Some of this is due to the peculiarities of work in aircraft. Sudden big rush orders come in, both from private sources and the government, and frequently plants are not equipped for them. At Vultee recently men were working fourteen and fifteen hours a day to fill an order. The North American Aviation Company recently finished a rush order for 300 army planes; when that was over, 300 to 700 men were let out. Consolidated Aircraft has had to reduce its personnel from 3,000 to 800. But always enough workers have to be on hand to be hired again at a moment's notice. Although there are many thousand unemployed aviation workers living around Los Angeles, men are being brought from the East and Middle West to work.

But in addition to this, trouble has arisen on account of the companies' labor policies. It is apparently definitely desired to keep a large oversupply of labor on hand. Groups of young "apprentices" are hired and when their loans from the companies are paid off, they are discharged. Some even "efficiency" [illegible] to be a great deal of sheer incompetence: at one plant it is reported that an average of 40 percent of the planes were recently turned down by navy experts. Wages are low, and all sorts of ways are found of making them lower. College-trained engineers, for instance, are being hired at $60 to $80 a month. The head of one company, in an address to his workers last spring when they were making a demand for higher wages, asked them why they couldn't be content, as the workers were in Germany, with the equivalent of $10 a week. "They don't complain," he said. And to illustrate the benevolence of Nazi paternalism, he told them how uncomplaining a German worker was with just two pairs of shoes—one hobnailed and the other not. When the happy fellow went to visit his girl he took off the hobnailed pair and put on the others; when he left her he returned to the hobnails, presumably with a grateful glance in the direction of the nearest Brown House.

The companies consciously manipulate layoffs to depress wages. The layoffs are intended to weed out men suspected of union activity. It is the higher-paid workers, as well as union men, who are laid off, and then replaced by men at lower wages.

Thus, more than other industries in open-shop Los Angeles, the aircraft companies show their hatred for unions. The Douglas Company's strike in the spring of 1937 was disastrously broken; the men, who believed they would get immunity if they came out of their sit-down strike, walked straight into the arms of District Attorney Fitts, and several hundred were arrested.

Hearings have been called before the National Labor Relations Board at Los Angeles on charges of discrimination against union men. Innumerable cases have been reported of men whose work is criticized the moment they start wearing a union button; men demoted when they told their foremen they were union men; union men discharged for "poor work" when their employment records up till then had said their work was "good"; non-union men kept on when union men had seniority.

Some of the new application blanks for jobs today require an applicant to agree that he will not complain against his foreman no matter what that foreman says against him.

This is where the swastika comes into the picture. In encouraging anti-union sentiment in particular the Nazi workers are found useful. They are given responsible positions; many, as stated, are in the experimental department; others are made "lead men" (straw bosses), supervisors and general foremen, even when they are not sufficiently experienced. A German, for instance, was recently promoted to "lead man," a job that requires him to manipulate a delicate instrument, although he did not have the training. His only

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co-workers. The Germans are favored by the company in wage increases. Some receive 98 cents an hour for a job on which more experienced union men, who have been with the company longer, get only 80 cents. When there is any trouble with a union worker, especially one who complains of bad construction work on planes that are being delivered to the army, he may find himself out of a job and a German in his place. And it is important to note that although there are hundreds of thousands of anti-Nazi Germans in the United States, there are few in the California aircraft plants. There "German" and "Nazi" are practically synonymous.

The American workers, naturally enough, are discontented because they feel they are putting out bad work. Seven army planes have been grounded in the last few months and in the past year twelve navy bombers have dropped on sea and land, killing their crews. The workers have tried again and again to tell all this to company officials, government inspectors or their own foremen, but every attempt has met with rebuffs or denials, demotion or discharge of the men complaining and no change in what is going on. "I have been told a considerable number of times on different occasions by my foreman to get certain things by inspection," one worker said, "and that when they were caught by the army was the time to correct them, not before. The foreman even told me that he would have to let one of the fellows go if he kept calling things to the attention of the army."

On December 2, 1938, the shop paper of the United Automobile Workers, Local 228, The Weekly News Flash, ran the following rather ominous sentence: "We find that the government is paying good money for *good airplanes* and not airplanes that are being *slipped by inspection.*"

Army inspectors quickly called in the grievance committee of the union and the editor of the paper and asked what they meant. The men said they would give all the details if they could speak to army inspectors alone. The inspectors agreed and a time was set for the meeting; but when they got there the men found company officials present, who, in spite of all requests to do so, would not leave. So the workers refused to tell much. What was the use? They'd only get fired, they said.

In one factory—and the army inspectors know which one it is—there was a worker who had been a lead man for a year. This man—I shall call him X—disregarded the danger of losing his job. He took the inspectors into the shop and showed them some of the bad construction: wings that had been improperly made and that he had had to send back to the wing department, because they weren't fit for assembly. He pointed out three defective ships; two days later two more ships were

You would have expected X to be thanked and congratulated. But the man in charge of the wing department, to whom the wings had been returned, was a German—a general foreman—one about whom many of the men have been making complaints. The day after X showed army inspectors the faulty planes, this German was put in charge of X's department. Three days later X was demoted to the bench. After years as a skilled and trusted mechanic, the German foreman charged him with being "not coöperative."

In spite of rebuffs, over a long period, good workmen who hate to see defective ships go out have tried to get their information to responsible officials. One man who gave his information to inspectors under pledge of secrecy was told by his supervisor "not to open his mouth in the shop at all in the future."

"We're under production and behind schedule," one of the foremen said. "As long as the planes get by inspection, keep your mouth shut." And still another workman, pointing out dangerous structural deficiencies, was told by his lead man: "There's too much time spent checking this stuff. We know they're off, but put them in the best way you can and leave it go at that." One ambitious lead man, who had been demoted for a complaint about workmanship, was told by a superintendent that while his demotion had nothing to do with the complaint, "any man who wrote or had anything to do with writing articles like the one stating inspection was bad, could not and would not be trusted with any kind of supervising job." And once, not long ago, an army inspector told a worker: "How can you be so unpatriotic as to bring these defects to the attention of the company just when the company has gotten into production and *we* are making money?"

I quote roughly some of the workers' complaints:

One instance of slipping mistakes by army inspectors was in the casting that forces the locking pin into place on the landing gear, when the gear is down. When the worker called the foreman's and assistant foreman's attention to it they said to forget it as it would hold the ship up another day.

Certain gun castings were set in the fuselage without checking for alignment, and did not align with the brackets, which hold the reflector for the gun sight. In order to get the ships by army inspectors the brackets were shifted on the cowling to look as if they lined up. Apparently a number of ships were slipped by in this condition.

At least three planes were sent out with wing tips and ailerons not matching. Finally this was caught by an inspector who told the lead man it looked like a dish that Indians hammer out of a piece of brass.

The general attitude of the shop was first to get out the ship, without considering consequences. The shop had been given instructions to remove or rework any part of an assembly that had been accepted in another department, without first contacting company and army inspectors.

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on either drawings or engineering orders to cover this. Ailerons are supposed to be interchangeable on any ship. On the first seventy ships they are fitted to each individual ship and are *not interchangeable*. All seventy ships were called back and had to be completely rebuilt—they even had to design new jiggs for them.

An aircraft inspector who has been working for twelve years in aviation factories says he has never seen such defective work as is being turned out in the aircraft factories now. This man has been fired from his inspection job; the workman taking his place has been inspecting the machines before they were finished, and changes have been made after inspection. Since the charges were aired in the shop paper, the plant has apparently been trying to cover up, for wings have been attached, and planes inspected, at night.

In addition to the traditional enemies of the men—company spies, union spies and police spies—a particularly painful role is played by the government services, Naval Intelligence, Army Intelligence, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. For years these branches of the government have been collecting "material" on Reds or alleged Reds. They have files of these to equal those of Captain William T. "Red" Hynes, late but not lamented chief of the Los Angeles Red Squad; but they have done very little about the Nazi activities, the Bund work, the Japanese and Nazi spying which has been going on quite openly. The little Hollywood Anti-Nazi League paper, Hollywood Now, has exposed more Nazi activity in Southern California than all the services supposed to be dealing with these phenomena. But naval reservists will tell you with complete conviction that Harry Bridges is a Japanese agent (he has also been accused of being a British spy), that Miss Perkins is working with the Japanese government, in league with Mr. Bridges, and that that "uprising" which so many California business men have been predicting for so long, is just around the corner. The most dangerous feature of this situation is that these officials (as do many business men also) believe what they say.

As I said above, Bridges twice called President Roosevelt's attention to this state of affairs. He pointed out that CIO workers in the factories are attempting to halt the sabotage, which, two years ago during the Douglas strike, was ascribed to the union workers. He asked for an impartial investigator from Washington, and added that he would prefer one from the Department of Justice. The country cannot afford a Dies circus in so vital an industry as aircraft.

JOHN HAMILTON

Harvard and the Interest Rate

THE MOST WIDELY READ BOOK at Harvard this spring is a volume of nearly two hundred pages bound in official crimson. It is called "Report on Some Problems of Personnel in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, by a Special Committee Appointed by the President of Harvard University." The authors are E. Merrick Dodd Jr., Felix Frankfurter, Edmund M. Morgan, Kenneth B. Murdock, William S. Ferguson, Ralph Barton Perry, Arthur M. Schlesinger and Harlow Shapley. When the report appeared, not much more than a month ago, some people were afraid that President Conant would not accept its recommendations. Then, very rapidly, fear grew that he would. He has now announced his acceptance to the Board of Overseers, and has been duly praised for his liberalism by The New York Times.

The enthusiasm of The Times is not shared by the several hundred junior members of the Harvard teaching staff. These men have learned two lessons from the report: that the future of education depends on the interest rate, and that the full burden of depression conditions must be borne by the younger teachers.

The president's special committee came into existence two years ago as a result of the terminating appointments given to two instructors in economics, J. Raymond Walsh and Alan R. Sweezy. Its report on that as cautious but fair, though President Conant dismissed its recommendations as unwise and impractical. Since then the committee has surveyed with the most commendable diligence the whole question of appointment and promotion at Harvard. The younger teachers expected much from its report, and, if one grant its assumptions, it has done its work well. It is the assumptions, now brought into the clearest possible light, that are causing dismay.

Harvard's particular problem arises from the fact that, like other large universities, it turns over the bulk of its teaching of undergraduates to young and relatively poorly paid men. In 1936-37, for example, there were on the faculty 141 permanent appointees, professors and associate professors. There were 101 three-year appointees, assistant professors and faculty instructors. There were 409 annual appointees, of whom nearly half were doing full-time teaching. These have always been the proportions, but in the expansive twenties the younger men could count on staying at the university until they were offered good positions elsewhere, and many expected and not a few got promotion at Harvard. In recent years, with an income that dwindles in spite of an endowment that continues to grow, the administration has been adding fewer and fewer men to the upper ranks. The question, therefore, that the

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can use men for five, ten or fifteen years and then get rid of them.

The special committee offers this plan: (1) men who have not completed their preparation shall be known as teaching fellows, allowed to teach not more than three-fifths time at a salary of $1,200, and given not more than four successive appointments; (2) men who have received the doctor's degree shall be given not more than three one-year appointments, at a salary of $2,500; (3) within the three-year period those who are to be retained shall be given five-year appointments as instructors at a salary of from $2,750 to $3,300. No man is to be eligible for more than one five-year appointment, and it is expected that the majority of five-year appointees will leave Harvard. If a man survives, he is to be given permanent appointment with the rank of associate professor.

The advantage of this plan, admitted by everyone, is that it permits a teacher to know where he stands—something no man at Harvard knows today until he has achieved permanency. That there should be a system is all to the good; it is the character of the system that is under attack.

Under the new plan a graduate student, unless he has private means, obviously cannot marry until he has taken his Ph.D., and even if he remains single, the chances are against his ever becoming eligible for promotion at Harvard. Four years of part-time work is not enough for a man to take the requisite courses and write his thesis, and the average self-supporting graduate student will therefore be forced out before he has his degree. It is desirable for men to be encouraged to complete their graduate study at an earlier age—the average age at present is thirty—but not at the cost of handicapping those who do not have independent incomes.

Beyond this point the chief criticism of the plan is that it does not alleviate a situation that has already become alarming. More and more of the younger men have seen clearly the meagerness of their opportunities at Harvard and have sought positions elsewhere. As a result of the clarification achieved by the committee's report, the exodus this June is unprecedented. And it is the best men who are leaving, because it is the best men who have the chance to go.

It is likely that distinguished men—if they are distinguished in the right way—will be brought back to the university. But from the point of view of undergraduate education, the consequences cannot help but be serious. The tutorial system, now so important a part of Harvard education, rests heavily on the younger men, and actually they do most of the teaching in courses. An undergraduate can perfectly well go through his four years without having direct contact with anyone above the grade of instructor. He hears the professors lecture, for what that may be worth, but

The committee's plan can only lead to a considerable degree of demoralization. Teaching fellows will be harassed by the knowledge that they must complete their graduate work in the shortest possible time. Full-time instructors, knowing how loath their departments will be to give them five-year appointments, will be chiefly concerned with finding other posts. The five-year man, remembering that he is to be thrust out, at the age of thirty-seven or thirty-eight, with the rank of instructor, will scarcely be able to take advantage of the new security the committee thinks it has got for him. And there will be no possibility, as there used to be, of attracting good men from other universities into the lower ranks.

What is said in the later sections of the report is excellent, especially in the discussion of scholarship and teaching and in the demand for academic freedom and the representation of unorthodox points of view. But how much are these high ideals likely to mean? There is no provision for greater democracy within the university. Control is left in the hands of men who, as the report observes, inevitably tend to be conformists, and under conditions that will make for the selection of "sound" men.

The only useful criticism must consist in challenging the committee's assumptions. The university must increase the number of permanent positions, so as to provide more opportunities for its teachers and, incidentally, better teaching for its undergraduates. At the same time, if it continues to place so much responsibility in the hands of the younger men, it must enable them to live decent lives and do their work efficiently. This policy would cost money, and the committee assumes that the budget is frozen. But Harvard is supposed to be an educational institution. The problem, after all, is not insoluble. Many persons believe that the handling of the university's funds is overconservative and that more money could be found to pay teachers. Even if this is not true, there is the possibility of obtaining federal grants-in-aid, to which the committee makes a passing reference, and there is also the possibility of reducing the higher salaries.

The younger teachers, led by the Cambridge Union of University Teachers, protested against the dismissal of Messrs. Walsh and Sweezy, and out of their protest has come this report. Reading the report, one can see why its authors, liberals though they are, could not conceive of arguing against the falling interest rate that is the cause of Harvard's financial difficulties. As a result, they have prepared a document that beautifully serves the needs of the administration. The younger men will not, I think, lose their respect for the members of the committee as teachers and scholars, but they may learn that they will have to depend on themselves if their own interests and the interests of education are to be protected.

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Time on Their Hands

After a year under its first salaried president, William McChesney Martin, the Stock Exchange is still a going institution, even if it isn't going at anything like a four or five-million-share-a-day rate. Now and then, under the stimulus of a foreign crisis, the floor approaches its former air of turbulence. The ticker tape scuttles along merrily, sometimes even lagging a bit, the backgammon boards in the smoking room are momentarily deserted, and a few expensive pairs of shoes are ruined. But the symptoms recur only fitfully. In general, the floor presents the calm, peaceful appearance that it had when I visited it a few weeks ago. I got there a little after eleven on a weekday morning, and was met by Mr. Robert L. Stott, a young member of the Board of Governors and chairman of the Committee on Floor Procedure. We went first to an indicator at the edge of the floor which showed that the number of shares sold during the first hour of trading that morning had been only 180,000. "That means we'll probably hit five or six hundred thousand today—just a little less than yesterday," Mr. Stott said gloomily. The first hour is always the busiest, because it's then that brokers consummate all the deals they've dreamed about the night before. Some of the men still seemed to be dreaming: there was a far-away, brooding look in their eyes, and they moved like football players in slow motion. Anything slow is, of course, totally unpleasant to them. Every detail of the intricate machinery that makes the Exchange work has been geared for speed.

Although at the time of my visit the floor was as quiet as a room filled with five hundred articulate men and boys could reasonably be, Mr. Stott said this wasn't invariably the case when trading was slack. An increasingly popular pastime at the Exchange is group singing, and of late it has followed a more or less regular routine. Over at the west side of the floor, near the General Motors post, the page and telephone boys start the ball rolling with "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." The men around them pick this up, and the rest of the floor listens appreciatively while the chorus swells. When they're finished, the other part of the floor—the side nearest the somber walls of Morgan and Company on Broad Street—carries on with "The Wearing of the Green." Mr. Stott said it was all pretty wonderful to hear.

Mr. Stott led me to Post 54, his home playing field, to meet his partner Leonard Wagner, who had little more to do than a sentry at Buckingham Palace during the King's visit abroad. "I wish somebody would come along and do some business so I could demonstrate to you how all this works," Mr. Wagner said, looking anyhow and gave me a brief display of what a specialist does. Most of it went over my head, because he spoke a rapid esoteric jargon, sprinkled with abbreviations and ellipses. I gathered, though, that an important part of the work consists of writing feverish little notes and stuffing them in your pocket. "Now suppose a man were to come along and buy a hundred shares of Glenn Martin," he said wistfully at one point. He grabbed a pencil and wrote "1 ML 17½" on a slip of paper. Then he put the initials "JPM" above that. "Morgan?" I asked. Mr. Wagner nodded, and then after a moment's thought crossed out "JPM" and put down "JSB" (Jules Bache) instead. He explained that Mr. Morgan had only been on the floor once in the last ten years, to his knowledge, and that the demonstration might as well be reasonably accurate.

Mr. Stott and I left then and went off across the floor to visit the most generally busy posts. We stopped at Post 4. "Anaconda Copper and General Motors—the most active stocks on the market," he said with a touch of reverence. The only trading going on was between a couple of clerks, who were matching pennies. "You can see what's happening," said Mr. Stott soberly. We walked on a few feet to Post 3, where a clerk was softly singing "Goodbye Forever." "The Chrysler market," sighed my guide. "Now you're looking at Steel," he added as we reached Post 2. It was at this very spot that Richard Whitney made his legendary bid for U. S. Steel to avert a panic in 1929, but at my visit nobody was averting anything, unless you could count the middle-aged man who was dozing in a chair tipped precariously, and perhaps protectively, against the trading counter.

Smoking is wisely prohibited on the actual trading arena; too much loose paper and too many preoccupied brokers might otherwise produce a destructive fire and perhaps precipitate a business crisis. In the smoking room, smoking was only a minor diversion. A few men were reclining in comfortable leather chairs, fast asleep. A few others were holding, and occasionally reading, newspapers and picture magazines. In one corner some members at loose ends were standing around a backgammon table, intently watching a game in progress. One of the backgammon coterie, Mr. Stott said, has in the last few months developed such a passion for the game (which the brokers play, incidentally, for amazingly low stakes) that he practically refuses to go on the floor at all; he even carries a portable board to his lunch table. I counted nine kibitzers, but was told that the number wasn't extraordinary. Sometimes, when a dollar or two depends on the outcome of a big contest, there are thirty or forty interested bystanders.

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fulness, of course. They used to confine their practical jokes largely to apprentices in the trade. Few newcomers have failed to discover, at some point early in their careers, that the slips they had carefully tucked in their pockets were damp and illegible, the hydrating agent usually being a piece of ice. Another traditional way of tormenting a novice is to flash his number on one of the two large annunciator boards that call errant men back to their stations. When he reports, he is instructed to go immediately to some distant post and buy a thousand shares of Coney Island Sand, or some stock less obviously fictitious. The men at the designated trading post are in the plot, naturally. Say he has been told to buy the lot before the price of the stock hits 25. He finds that 22⅜ is the asking price and is highly elated, but somehow just doesn't seem to be able to make the transaction. Other bidders shout him down, and to his horror he sees the price rise past 25, and up to 30. Then everyone starts to sell. As the stock collapses, a message comes through from his office: sell, and realize your profit. Having nothing to sell, he usually just slinks away in self-imposed disgrace, recovering only when he picks up a newspaper and finds that Coney Island Sand isn't listed at all. Sometimes, to vary the routine a bit, he's allowed to buy a few hundred imaginary shares at some price considerably higher than that in his instructions.

Another trick, along the same lines, is for some substantial member to ask a newcomer when he plans to pay for the two hundred shares of U. S. Steel he bought the day before at 62½ (or any price higher than the current listing). When the victim denies having done any such thing, the first man is both angry and hurt. "Well," he says coldly, "if you don't want to pay, I'll have to take the loss myself." By this time the other conspirators have gathered around. Names of witnesses to the transaction are bandied about freely, and figures are quoted, but the frightened scapegoat, in the mounting din, can't hear much more than an occasional "Steel" or "62½" or "the dirty welsher." Then he hears a solemn voice above the rest. "Get a governor," it says to a page in stern tones. "We'll get down to the bottom of this right here and now." At this point the unhappy goat, startled at being the center of so much unfavorable attention, often shouts loudly that he'll make good his word. Sometimes it takes a good bit of supplementary persuasion to convince him he *didn't* buy Steel at 62½.

Nowadays no one is immune from this kind of sport, no matter who he is. If the younger members of the Exchange have to stand for even more than their traditional quota of horseplay, they can find solace in the fact that their elders, their visitors and their president (Martin, of course—the only president for whom they feel any personal responsibility) are treated with equal disrespectfulness. Following a procedure not unlike against an unsuspecting guest and then inform him curtly that visitors are not expected to jostle members of the Exchange. One wag went so far as to buy himself a street-car conductor's punch, in the days when visitors had to carry cards of admission rather than badges, and insist that everyone who approached his post had to have his ticket punched before continuing his journey.

The fruition of this growth of schoolboy spirit on the floor is the Stairway Gang, an unofficial organization without dues and a changing membership of which the board of governors is never exactly sure. The Gang acquired its name from its habitual seat of activity, a stairway at the east side of the floor leading down to an exit. Mr. Stott took me there, and pointed to a couple of men standing at the head of the stairs. He warned me not to be surprised if they attacked suddenly with wads of paper or widgets. "You may get it any minute now," he said cheerfully. The Gang has been operating off and on for several years. It began by readopting the outlawed custom of lighting fires, not on the floor proper but on a landing at the turn of the stairs. From time to time its ringleaders toss newspapers down there, and when they've made a large enough pile, one of them lights a cigarette, sticks a match in it, and walks leisurely down the stairs. As he passes the pyre, he drops the cigarette. By the time it has burned down to the match, and the match has flared up and started a blaze, the culprit is far out of sight, and you can't pin anything definite on the merry throng enjoying the flames. At this scene of arson the walls and floors are all blackened.

Recently the Gang has gone beyond mere pyrotechnics. They picked on one elderly member and, when he quite properly resented their having used his name to summon sixty other men to his post, the Gang telephoned his house and notified his butler that there would be three extra gentlemen in for dinner. When the butt of all this, an irascible bachelor, got home that evening, he found the table set for four, and almost fired the butler. The Stairway Gang promptly passed the word around that the butler should have been fired, for not realizing that his master didn't have three friends. Thoroughly angry by now, the victimized gentleman complained to the floor committee. The Gang heard about this through their devious sources and telephoned him, representing themselves as the committee. "We've had enough of your nonsense," they said harshly. "Stay at your post and stop bothering us. Don't let us hear another word out of you." When the accredited committee found out about this, they apologized to the member, of course, but his spirit had already been broken. Now when a widget flies by his head he accepts it with a weary smile of resignation. The Exchange thinks something ought to be done to the malefactors, but what can you do to a bunch of mischievous boys with too much time on their hands?

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Shoot the Works

"Bull," Said the General

No one knows what name Ulysses used when he hid among the women, but Major General Moseley, Jamaica bound, registered in Manhattan as A. B. Parker. He was presently to meet a Mrs. Rudyard Uzzell, a lady patriot named Good and a man called Fritz Kuhn. And so the General, who never flinched in battle, descended into the deep dugout of an incognito.

They say that in facing the foe, either real or phantom, Moseley is all reckless courage. While he still served his country he devised a riot gun capable of shooting four miles and not even Falstaff himself could better the General in bringing down rogues in buckram.

Peace also has its heroes. It was a ticklish moment when the hotel clerk handed a pen to the man in mufti and said, "Will you please register?" Major General George Van Horn Moseley wiped his forehead. "I want a room," he repeated and then, lest he be suspected of subversity, he quickly added, "And a bath."

There was no glint of recognition in the eyes of the clerk on duty who, according to a metal disc, happened to be at the moment a Mr. Madden. He, too, might be a patriot, but the bluff old soldier decided it would be best to take no chances. And so with a hand that trembled only slightly Major General George Van Horn Moseley pulled on the cap of invisibility and wrote with a flourish "A. B. Parker."

He did not slink to his room. Far from it. But it is just possible he hunched his shoulders a little lest his military bearing betray him. Remember the General was in the country of the enemy and Jamaica lay full twenty miles away. Not until he reached the borders of that friendly kingdom would he meet the detachment of the Bund assigned to protect him. But with a double lock upon his door he could lay low until nightfall.

Naturally, the General had taken the precaution of leaving his spurs at home. Indeed it may well be that they are sealed in a packet inscribed "Not to be opened until Der Tag." It goes without saying that anyone who dreams of riding one day upon a white charger must first learn to go on foot and humbly and unknown.

But admitting all this, I wish the Dies committee had gone exhaustively into the question of why Major General George Van Horn Moseley chose to set himself down as A. B. Parker, forswearing all others. "Brown" and "Smith" he might have rejected as too obvious, but what is wrong with "Hannibal" or "Caesar"? And in the mind of Moseley what were the names which lurked behind the initials A and B?

I have no key to the secret springs which lie beneath the mind of Moseley. But as an old semi-pro Freudian I'll wager that unconsciously he set down "A" for "Adolf" and that the "B" if written out in full would have been "Barkis."

That still leaves us "Parker" to [illegible]

greet "Parker" either with "Dorothy" or "Painless." But neither would quite fit the mental situation of the General about to make his hazardous journey into the dark continent of Long Island.

I have a more elaborate explanation. There used to be in the army a soldier about of Moseley's vintage called Gatling-Gun Parker. It was his proud boast that he devised the first barrage known in military tactics and that he employed it at Kettle Hill in the Spanish American War to save Roosevelt and his Rough Riders.

A hearty old fellow was Colonel Parker and as he told the story, whenever you rested your hat, he used to roar with laughter. "The joke of it is," he would chortle, "is that although I was aiming at the enemy I came blame near hitting my fellow Americans."

Major General George Van Horn Moseley was entirely logical when he signed himself "A. B. Parker."

But in one respect it seemed to me that the big shell-and-shuffle man was less than fair even according to his own lights. He rapped the press of America as being controlled by "Communists." This I must say came as a certain surprise to me and I think that William Randolph Hearst should have every right to resent it. Again, I feel that The Chicago Tribune ought to be irritated at the General as an ingrate, for there is very little that paper has left unsaid in support of Moseley's position.

But even closer to my heart and imagination is the squirming which might very well animate the so-called liberal groups after the complete statement of the embattled ex-military man. It is true that he burlesques the position of those who have insisted on viewing with alarm all activity both to the Left and Right, but I do not see how they can deny the aid and encouragement which they have given the doughty warrior in his contention that communism is just around the corner and that the marines should be called out immediately to take possession.

And the ostrich isolationists have done their part to make all crackpot crusaders possible if not plausible. During the days and months in which the declaration has been made that the Atlantic is too wide for bombers, Deatherage and his ilk have sneaked up on free America. Whoever looks under the bed for Reds leaves certain vulnerable parts of his person exposed and almost courts a kick from Moseley and the knights of various hues and views.

If any attempt were afoot to overthrow the government of the United States by armed violence from the Left I am frank to say that I would resist it. To me such potentialities are very far away from my actuarial expectation. But when a man who missed the post of Chief of Staff by a narrow margin begins to talk of army control I have every right to say, "Let's meet this first. It is immediate and it is dangerous."

It is easy to laugh when a nostalgic old brass hat shouts "Bull" in response to every question, but when I read that he received loud applause from a mixed audience at the hearing I can only say, "I'd like to laugh, but I am very much afraid that in spite of its grotesque staging this can concern the life and the freedom of you and me."

We had once a Know Nothing Party. It is born again and we must organize against it. Only through a solid front

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Washington Notes

Speak Nicely to Mr. du Pont

MR. VANDENBERG is the first Republican to avow his candidacy for the 1940 nomination. Ever since the Supreme Court fight two years ago, we have heard about the cracks, fissures and chasms within the Democratic Party. Suppose, for a moment, we consider the Republicans. Mr. Vandenberg's bashful announcement of his readiness to accept "responsibilities of a broader nature" was not spontaneous. According to reports here, it was a desperate effort to checkmate supporters of the Owosso, Michigan, prodigy, Mr. Dewey, who were on the point of pledging a substantial proportion of the Michigan delegation. Mr. Vandenberg was the indicated victim of a lightning border raid, like a small European nation.

Mr. Vandenberg's candidacy illustrates a deeper Republican discord than the rivalry of individuals. Back in the beginnings of the New Deal—on the premise, not yet disproved, that the Republican Party was doomed to go the way of the Federalists and Whigs—he proposed a public coalition with the Democratic reactionaries. This aroused wild passions within the party, and still does. To many Republicans, a scheme to divide the sweets of a hypothetical victory with Democrats seems verging on the psychopathic. Mr. Vandenberg remains a coalitionist. His friends say that, if nominated, he would invite anti-Roosevelt Democrats in strategic states, for example, Messrs. Tydings of Maryland and Clark of Missouri, to take part in his campaign and would reward them with Cabinet posts. This maneuver, they say, would bring vitally needed votes to the Republican side, and is the only way to ensure the New Deal's end.

Probably a Republican-Democratic coalition is dreambook stuff. If Washington talk may be trusted, the most interesting fact about Mr. Vandenberg is that the duPont family doesn't like him. This is the main reason why his chance of nomination is rated low. Back in 1934-35, he was a member of a commitee to investigate the munitions industry, of which Senator Nye was chairman. In those wholly forgotten days, business men who took "educational orders" from the War Department or made airplanes for the French and British governments would have been not saviors of democracy but merchants of death. After Mr. J. P. Morgan, his partners and midget, Messrs. Pierre, Irénée and Lammot duPont were the chief witnesses. Along with his fellow committee members, Mr. Vandenberg asked awkward questions. Apparently the feelings of the family were permanently hurt.

Anyone who wishes to learn how ardently the Republican Party wishes to be owned by big business needs only to discuss the 1940 campaign with party leaders. The duPonts will not be permitted to ricochet off into a group like the Liberty League, whose chairman, Mr. Shouse, was after all a Democrat. They are going to be made to pay directly into the Republican treasury. No one doubts that they will be the heaviest contributors. Leaders say that it is unfor- ministration has wished for a similar agreement for

A second breach within the Republican Party—comparable to that over a Democratic coalition—is caused by Mr. Hoover. It is most conspicuous in New York City, where a group of Mr. Hoover's friends carry on guerilla warfare with the Manhattan leader, red-mustached Kenneth Simpson. Mr. Hoover's own activities are deeply mysterious. A Republican leader says: "He's like a red Indian. You never see him. All you see is a flickering in the bushes, and you know he's been there." Several months ago, Mr. Hoover said, or at least implied, that he was not a candidate for the 1940 nomination. His friends say this is still so. But he is getting on in years, and old men dream dreams. If the Townsendites can dream of $200 a month, it is not inconceivable that Mr. Hoover may dream of a sweating, maddened convention shouting his name.

At a meeting of the Republican National Committee last autumn, Mr. Simpson made impolite remarks about Mr. Hoover. Immediately, through Mr. Hoover's remote control, Mr. Simpson was rejected for the National Committee's executive. Mr. Hoover's New York friends accuse Mr. Simpson of being an *ersatz* New Dealer, of which, in my opinion, he is wholly guiltless. Together with Mr. Bruce Barton and the Connecticut Republican leadership, he is the young business-man type. All behave like hustling vice-presidents placed in charge of an ailing corporation. They wish to discontinue old, unprofitable products, among which Mr. Hoover is prominent, and to offer the customers a new line of goods. Understandably, Mr. Hoover does not approve. Mr. Simpson's group consciously keeps before it the example of the British Tory Party, which has stolen, and neutralized, the Labor Party's measures.

The Hoover-Simpson feud has caused remarkable gyrations on Mr. Dewey's part. In 1937, Mr. Dewey was elected Manhattan's district attorney as a result of a reasonably cynical alliance between Mr. Simpson and Mayor La-Guardia. Last autumn, following another cynical deal with the American Labor Party, Mr. Simpson almost succeeded in making Mr. Dewey Governor. The implications of these deals did not disturb the practical Mr. Simpson; he was a salesman peddling his wares wherever he found buyers. But the screams of the Hoover faction seem to have thrown Mr. Dewey into an acute anxiety neurosis, especially when threats were made to spread throughout the national party the story that he had had the support of CIO unions. Rapidly Mr. Dewey shifted over to the Hoover camp.

A few days ago, the New York County executive committee met. There was a show-down between Mr. Simpson and the Hooverites. Mr. Simpson won, fifty-six votes to two. A statewide convention of the Young Republicans, in session nearby, was transformed into a victory celebration by Mr. Simpson's supporters. Apparently word was secretly telephoned to Mr. Dewey. He came steaming into the convention, and, with a smile for the Simpson men, warmly, lingeringly, shook each Young Republican hand.

The State Department is now discussing with the chief cotton-growing nations the possibility of a world cotton cartel. A preliminary meeting of eleven of these nations is scheduled to be held here in September. The ad-

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regulated by governments. International agreements, accordingly, are possible and probably desirable. The British-Dutch rubber cartel shows that technical difficulties can be overcome with experience. When—if ever—it is possible to reëstablish economic peace, many experts say that world commodity cartels will form part of the foundation on which it will be based. Meantime, however, they think that the United States is overoptimistic. I have found no one who thinks that an agreement can be negotiated in time to affect this year's cotton crop, or even the 1940 crop.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Isolation and Foreign Trade

MR. CORDELL HULL, our Secretary of State, delivered himself last week before the Sunday Evening Club of a discourse on isolation which seemed to me a masterpiece of confusion. The word "isolation" is one of those collections of letters used to confuse rather than to clarify thought. And the Secretary has managed to broaden the confusion inherent in this word.

At the present moment the country is confronted with the necessity of making a decision about its foreign relations. That decision arises out of the controversy which rages in Europe between the Axis powers on one side and England, France and Russia on the other. The problem which vexes our minds is: should the United States in the event of a war between these groups of powers go into the struggle on the side of one or the other; to what extent should we enter that struggle and, if we decide to stay out of it, how can that objective be attained?

There are those, like President Roosevelt, who believe that in the event of such a contest this country should aid France and England in every way "short of war." On the other hand, a large and powerful faction here insists that any attempt to do this will draw us into the conflict. That faction, therefore, insists that the United States should remain neutral—that when the war is begun it should refuse to sell munitions to either side, should keep its citizens off the vessels of belligerents and should make no loans.

This policy is based upon the conviction that any attempt to trade with the belligerent powers in munitions or in credits will make us the economic allies of one side or the other and that, having taken the step, we will be drawn, as we were in 1917, little by little into the disaster.

Those who take this view do not believe that we should cut off intercourse with the belligerent countries; that we should sever intellectual or personal contacts or that we should abandon trade. They merely insist that an intelligent people should perceive with clarity a very special chasm that yawns before it in international affairs and take steps to avoid such entanglements as will precipitate us into it.

The critics of this policy have dubbed it "isolation." They, in turn, refer to their own policy as "collective security." They insist that the safety of the world from men, many idealists, many intelligent leaders take this view. They rightly label this policy "collective security." But to call those who advocate keeping out of the European war "isolationists" is an obvious exaggeration. Opponents of the collective-security idea, for the most part, believe in the fullest and most active intercourse with all the nations of the world. They merely object to being enlisted by France and England to fight their imperialist battles for them.

But now comes Mr. Hull to make his contribution to the general confusion, a role which is not entirely new for him. He proceeds to make an elaborate argument against "isolation" by setting up the assumption that the "isolationists" believe in cutting off all commercial and other intercourse with the rest of the world. He writes down the isolationists as supporters of the principle of economic nationalism. Mr. Hull must know as well as any man alive that this is not true. But he adopts the assumption and then proceeds to demolish the isolationists on this front. He delivers a sort of schoolboy essay on the importance of imports and exports and how, if we do not import, we cannot sell our own surpluses.

So far as I know there is no important group in this country which has favored this kind of economic nationalism save the group headed by Mr. Hull's distinguished chief, who is now the leader of the collective-securityites. It will be recalled that in the first years of his administration, Mr. Roosevelt staked his great effort at recovery upon the gamble of the NRA—which was a plan to establish national self-sufficiency. We were to have a managed economy, which necessitated the exclusion as far as possible from competition with our products of the output of foreign producers who could not be brought under the same kind of management as our domestic enterprisers. Mr. Hull has not forgotten the contest between himself on one side and Mr. Raymond Moley on the other when the economic conference met in London. And surely he must remember the efforts of the Agricultural Department to wipe out agricultural surpluses in order to save us from the perils of our foreign market. These were and are the protagonists of economic nationalism in this country. But these are Mr. Hull's most active allies in his effort to embroil us in Europe.

But he is not satisfied with this attempt to saddle the anti-war group with the odium of economic nationalism. He also seeks to brand them with the stigma of "withdrawing from normal relations with other nations." What are the normal relations with other nations which the advocates of neutrality have proposed withdrawing from? Does Mr. Hull call a plan to hook the United States up with the adventures of England and France in the Mediterranean and Africa any part of our "normal" relations? I should think that from every point of view such engagements would constitute very abnormal relations. They are not only not normal relations, but they are ones we cannot withdraw from, since we have never entered them. Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt seek to force us into such relations.

Because international trade is a good thing, because we need products which other countries produce, because we have merchandise here which we wish to sell abroad, those who oppose an economic or other alliance with France and England are enemies of international trade. That is th

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Billy the Kid: 1

THE ONE THING on its program that the American Lyric Theatre had not got around to before last week's writing was Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan. The Lyric Theatre here served as an auditorium merely, for the Caravan has its own show and has been under way for years. Yet the Caravan numbers were the only numbers on the several programs I was sorry to see go.

The dance in America is a difficult proposition. Being among the more unlikely arts, it has trouble finding an audience that will not be embarrassed, or guffaw, or demand to know where the hell are the Rockettes. And being, in the case of Kirstein's troupe, sufficiently native so that you can pronounce the names, dancing comes up against both the snob tradition of foreign ballet and the apathy to dancing in general that these sterile forms have engendered.

Then there is the company it keeps. My friend Jim, who follows the dance with as much zeal and hope and tolerant cynicism as many people follow the horses, confessed that even among the Ballet Caravan audience, you never knew until a dance recital what surprising things could appear from under logs and flat rocks. The atmosphere is a mixture of the fiercely arty and the strictly lah-dee-dah that is poison to the genial citizen—who knows very well that it may be art and his old lady may ooh and ah, but that as far as he is concerned it won't make sense without a slack wire and a bicycle.

The Caravan is putting on a good show, a true case for dancing as a serious art and a pleasure. They have an idea and a faith in it which leaves any stuffy affectation out of the picture at the start. They work hard and work together. The intricately controlled abandon of their Indian powwows in "Pocahontas" alone shows a company under the kind of discipline that is only perfect when it is partly self-imposed. Even above this there is a feeling of spontaneity and group enjoyment, of excitement over the general thing each and all of them as individuals are doing.

And over the actual achievement of the company there is apparent a good taste in the general direction. There are various program credits for costumes, music, choreography, etc.; but throughout it is clear that the main business of dancing has been supervised by a consistently good and alert sense, an eye for what is available and how it may be put to use. Fritz Kitzinger as conductor does a veteran and inspired job as compared to the other baton athletes in the Lyric Theatre's repertory; the musical work—Elliot Carter Jr., Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland and J. S. Bach—is both original and fitting, if we can except the contribution of Mr. Carter, whose score for "Pocahontas" suggests the gap between the words "lucubration" and "inspiration."

But the aware and selective intelligence behind the show comes out most clearly in the material chosen. In spite of the easy effect on special audiences of the raised fist or the raised flag, the Caravan people are as concerned with the American worker as anybody else. And so while their "Filling Station" is stylized to a certain degree, it does more than others to elevate to heroism the people of a constant

"Filling Station" was used as a curtain-raiser to something else. The Caravan show started with dancing to a Bach suite of "Air and Variations"—all in the classic style, but with the new idea of expression-through-belief. It made a lovely jointure of sight with sound, and a redemonstration of what we should have known: that no such free spirit in music could ever be used as a mere accompaniment to thumping feet, but only to suggest the appeal of music to the human heart.

The "Pocahontas" number is all right as an exercise. It is a legend recaptured, but a legend so brief and worn to the point of burlesque as to be best left alone.

The main thing was "Billy the Kid," the most native and wonderful story ever danced. It isn't only the dash and gunfire of the typical Western; it is an idyll of the men who grew in this frontier soil. It isn't only the consciousness of this westward epic, but the sweep and motion by which it is realized on the stage. There is the feeling of the new land, the few people trying to live in it under the crudest laws; and in the dance movements there is that insistent motive of the man on his horse, the new pioneer or ranger or outlaw, the autocrat of a new society.

More than this, however, is what you might call the acquiescence in the idea of the company, especially of its two leading men, Lew Christensen and Eugene Loring—the first a mighty and assured dancer, leaping, spinning or standing silent with superb command and a patient intelligence about the total effect; the other with a quicksilver motion of body and proud ironic mind. There are these and others, but the whole thing runs along on Aaron Copland's music.

Copland has had success here and failure there, but he has consistently tried to work the current idiom into music and still have music too. Even his "modern" stuff shows a leaping imagination in phrase and progression which keeps him before the more stuffy of concert audiences, like it or not; and in the case of "Billy the Kid" he has done a good and helpful score, and musically sound as well. It is not any hurt that his composition leans—sometimes almost noticeably—in the Sibelius direction. And it is always an aid when he goes back to natural sources, reworking something like "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee." Through the orchestra and its conductor and around the dancers, his music holds to the subject and carries along as music in its own right, secure in its own structure, wild and free.

As there is still more to say of the Caravan than there is space for this time, I will report briefly a film whose publicity so far has been more exciting than its performance: "The City." Ralph Steiner was the principal director; Aaron Copland scored its fairly good music; Lewis Mumford wrote the comment—which should prepare you for some lyric words on how if cities aren't planned it just serves them right. The short, produced by American Documentary Films, probably doesn't run longer than an hour, and certainly might have been a documentary contribution in 1912. Some of its patches of good camera work have been cut into running sequence. As a whole it is dull and confusing, and its message about factory districts and big-town slums is that when everything is like Westchester and mil-

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The Bandwagon

The Prime Minister gave a complete answer to any suggestion that he had broken his pledge. Since March 29, when he last said that the government did not intend to replace the voluntary system by conscription, he has changed his mind. – *From The London Evening News, reprinted in The New York Sun.*

Germany now seen in a conciliatory mood; Goebbels accuses Britain of lacking morals. – *From the Index of The New York Times.*

Death punishment. The object of punishment being not only to satisfy justice, but also to reform the offender, and thus to prevent crime, murder, arson, burglary and rape, and these only, may be punishable with death, if the General Assembly shall so enact. – *Article XI, Sec. 2, of the Constitution of the State of North Carolina.*

Let every man spend an hour each day beside a boxwood hedge and there will be no more wars. – *Picture caption in The Spur.*

Footnotes on a Bill

Throughout the act the present tense includes the past and future tenses; and the future, the present. The masculine gender includes the feminine and neuter. The singular number includes the plural and the plural the singular. "Shall" means "must" and is mandatory. "May" is permissive. All terms used in the act shall receive liberal construction with a view toward effectuating the objects of the act and promoting justice. – *Representative Fish's reading of the Hendricks Townsend Plan Bill, reprinted in The New York Times.*

'Tain't What You Say, It's the Way How You Say It

The Rev. John Brown of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, delivers his sermons with a Charlie McCarthy on his knee, to hold the interest of his congregation. – *From Danton Walker's "Broadway" column in The New York Daily News.*

And Tomorrow Night, Bingo

The Cecil B. DeMille Paramount spectacle "Union Pacific" has everything a good picture should have—plus Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. – *From the Union Pacific Railroad advertisement in The New Yorker.*

Don't Look Now

See what a pink baby sweater can do for your sun-tan, what Dutch overalls can do for your pruning, what frosted black sheers and brass-buttoned sharkskins can do for *you* under a full-blown moon. – *From a John Wanamaker advertisement in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

A Program for Recovery

SIR: For economic recovery, new investment must exceed savings. Either investment must be greatly increased or annual savings must be decreased. May I call your attention to a method of both stimulating investment and of discouraging savings at the same time.

First, it is proposed to tax the underspendings of persons and of corporations. By underspendings is meant savings which are not invested in new goods; savings which are hoarded or exchanged for securities or other old assets; income which is not put back into circulation.

Second, it is proposed that simple means be provided for distinguishing new investments, exempt from taxation, from other investments. Securities issued by corporations to finance expansion would be stamped "New Investment" upon authorization by the SEC; also banks would be authorized to sell "New Investment Certificates" up to the amount they lend for new construction and similar expenditures. If the tax on underspendings is, say, 10 percent, stamped securities and certificates would sell at a premium of up to 10 percent depending upon the excess of savings; therefore business would be able to obtain funds for new construction and expansion at a discount. The proposed tax would therefore be a powerful stimulant to business; moreover, avoid it by either distributing all savings to stockholders or by using them for expansion. Incidentally, the tax would provide badly needed data as to the amount of annual savings in this country.

This proposal aims at the root of our economic difficulties. In a brief letter, unfortunately, only a bare outline can be given. Comments and suggestions from your readers will be welcomed as they will be helpful in formulating a specific policy.

Chevy Chase, Md. GORDON FULCHER

The Committee for Cultural Freedom

SIR: The editorial in The New Republic, date of May 31, contains the following: "The statement of the Committee for Cultural Freedom says in effect that we have entire liberty in America and that there is none at all in Germany, Italy or Russia." The sentence just quoted is wholly false. More space is given in the committee's manifesto to the dangers to cultural freedom found in this country than to anything else. The dangers existing here and now in America are the reason for the formation of the committee. The opening paragraphs about the rising tide of totalitarianism in other countries are introductory to a strong statement that it is spreading into other countries and explicit mention is here made of the United States [illegible]

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Is it perhaps significant "in effect" that The New Republic did not print the manifesto? If it had done so, even casual readers would have seen the disparity between what it says and the view attributed to it by the editorial writer.

There are other statements in the editorial, of minor importance in comparison with that just mentioned, which call for correction. The editorial says the committee "clearly implies that fascism and communism are both completely incompatible with freedom of the individual," and goes on to argue that the "charge is certainly not true of the theory of the socialist commonwealth." The document issued by the committee does not contain any such charge even by way of remotest implication. If the editor read the list of signers he must have noticed among them several well known Socialists, including the name of the last Socialist candidate for the presidency of the United States. The notion that Norman Thomas, to say nothing of a number of other signers, would put his name to a document that suggested, even in a far-fetched fashion, that a socialist commonwealth and freedom for the individual are incompatible would be too fantastic for notice were it not that the editorial has put it forth.

In the final advice the writer gives the committee he refers in parenthesis to some of its members "widely supposed to be followers of the anti-libertarian Trotsky." By not indicating whether or not he shares the supposition he dissociates himself, in a way, from the writers in the Stalinist press who make the charge directly. Having no way of telling whether the writer also means to charge some of the signers with double dealing, or to suggest that "in effect" such is the case, I will explicitly state there is no "Trotskyite" among the signers.

Finally the writer admits that there is danger we shall embrace a large part of fascism, while probably calling it anti-fascism. Personally I agree with this statement. It is a strong argument for the belief of the Committee for Cultural Freedom that it is not enough just to denounce fascism, that it is not enough just to be anti-fascist, but that a positive and aggressive campaign is required against every sort of totalitarian influence in this country.

JOHN DEWEY, Chairman,
The Committee for Cultural Freedom

New York City

[The reason The New Republic did not print in full the statement of the Committee for Cultural Freedom was because we did not believe its length was justified by the public interest in its contents. We began our editorial with an accurate summary of it.

The relative importance which the statement lays on restrictions of liberty abroad and at home is a matter of opinion. On rereading our comment, we believe it was too sweeping. We still feel, however, that the main emphasis of the statement was on conditions abroad, and that insufficient stress was laid upon restrictions at home.

However admirable the intentions of the signers, including Mr. Norman Thomas, we continue to believe that the net effect of this declaration will be to uphold the hands of those who fight for reaction on the ground that "fascism and communism are just alike, and the United States must have nothing to do with either of them." – THE EDITORS]

Support the Free Press

SIR: We read with pleasant surprise the championing of a free press in a recent editorial in The New Republic [May 10]. We can well appreciate the fact that freedom of the press depends

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For more than sixteen years The New Leader, unsubsidized by any group or nation, has fought unswervingly for the American labor movement on the political as well as on the economic field.

For the sixteen years of its existence The New Leader has relentlessly fought against all sorts of dictatorships, against all sorts of totalitarianism, and for the creation of a genuine social and industrial democracy. We are happy, indeed, that after so many years of struggle and of constant agitation the prestige and influence of The New Leader is growing day by day. We are proud that such recognized American writers as Ferdinand Lundberg, James Rorty, Elmer Davis, Charles Yale Harrison, Eugene Lyons and a score of others are now contributing regularly to the paper.

But we, too, because of our fight for socialism and democracy, have been neglected by the huge advertising agencies, and The New Leader is constantly in financial distress.

Since you have already editorially expressed your desire to keep a free press alive in America, we are sending you this letter in order to give you an opportunity to call editorially upon your readers to support The New Leader. . . .

S. M. LEVITAS, Manager,
The New Leader

New York City

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Edward J. McGurty of Albuquerque, New Mexico, apparently didn't like our editorial, "Liberty and Common Sense" (May 31). He advises us to move our editorial offices to the address of the Jesuit weekly America, but it is so hot we haven't even begun packing. . . . Herman Dinsmore of New York City writes about Professor Frederick L. Schuman's articles: "He is always highly readable, scholarly—and glib. Everybody likes his articles because they are so pat and final, but for the same reason they have to be taken with a block of rock-salt. . . . Dr. Schuman assumes that Chamberlain, Daladier, Bonnet and Company can sell Poland down the river with the same facility that they ditched Czecho-Slovakia. . . . A far better scholastic case can be made out for the possibility that this time Britain is in earnest, whether or not Chamberlain is, and that the slightest sign of the double-cross on his part now would drive him into the oblivion he has richly deserved."

C. W. Morris of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Chicago, writes that a committee has been formed, headed by Professor Paul Douglas and himself, to raise $1,000 for a bust of John Dewey by Alexander Portnoff, to be presented to the University. If the total sum is not obtained, all contributions will be returned. They should be mailed to Professor Morris at the University. . . . P. J. Hines of Lexington, Kentucky, says he is anxious to read an explanation of Heywood Broun's conversion to Catholicism. "I respect the Catholic Church for just one thing," he writes. "It remains consistent."

Jacob Chernik of Brooklyn believed that Henry Charles Lea's "A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" ought to be included on any list of "Books That Changed Our Minds." . . . A. P. Ball of Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico, has extravagant words of praise for Barbara Wertheim's "We Saw Democracy Fail" (May 17). . . . Mrs. Edward Davison, director of the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, which will be held at the University of Colorado at Boulder during July and August, sends us an interesting prospectus for the three-week session. . . . The Summer School of the Workers' University of Mexico, Mexico City, forwards its catalogue for the fourth annual session, July 3 to August 12. The faculty for this

Books in Review

Disillusionment

In the spring of 1937, John Dos Passos went to Spain with his friend Ernest Hemingway. He has described the trip vividly in the last few chapters of "Journeys Between Wars." But in that book he gave only oblique hints of one episode, the key to much that followed. Dos Passos' Spanish translator, a young man whom almost everybody knew and liked, was arrested as a Fascist spy. People who ought to know tell me that the evidence against him was absolutely damning. Hemingway, who interceded for him with the highest officials of the Spanish government, became convinced of his guilt. Dos Passos continued to believe he was innocent, even after learning that he had been convicted and shot.

In those days Dos Passos was already full of doubts about the revolutionary movement. He didn't like the way the Communists had acted in the Harlan coal fields; he was skeptical about the Russian trials. But this Spanish episode was a final and definite turning point in his career. Hemingway tried to explain it to him, both privately (I imagine) and in an article published in Esquire but obviously written for Dos Passos alone. There are always traitors in a civil war, Hemingway said. Some of them are likable people in ordinary life, but a revolutionary government has to protect itself against them if it is going to survive. Malraux also answered him; at least it is likely that some passages of "Man's Hope" were written with Dos Passos in mind. But Dos Passos was moved neither by arguments nor by the strong personal feeling behind them. He had crossed a gulf so wide and deep that the voices of his friends were lost in it.

The sequel was that Hemingway wrote a play, "The Fifth Column," in which the hero is an officer in the Spanish Republican counter-espionage service. Dos Passos wrote a novel, "Adventures of a Young Man."[1]

His novel tells the story of an American middle-class radical of the post-war generation. When Glenn Spotswood is five years old, his mother asks him always to be a Christian gentleman, and essentially that is what he remains throughout his life, for all his adventures in free love and atheism. It is for reasons of conscience that he joins the Communist Party and helps to organize the Harlan County miners. It is for the same reasons that he leaves the party, after finding that its leaders are neglecting the real interests of the miners in order to make propaganda for a future revolution. He becomes a dogged, unhappy figure, head of a little group that is working quite alone for the unity of the working class. When the group dissolves, he joins the International Brigades in Spain. There he is suspected of being a Trotskyite and a saboteur and is thrown into military prison. He is killed by Franco's men after being released and sent on a mission so dangerous that no Communist is willing to undertake it.

"Adventures of a Young Man" is the weakest novel that Dos Passos has written since "One Man's Initiation," published eighteen years ago. I make this statement with some diffidence, realizing that my judgment may have been affected by disagreement with his political ideas. On the other hand, if you subtract politics from his novel, there is not much left of it. Technically it is rather conventional, perhaps because Dos Passos was trying to answer some of the criticisms made against "U.S.A." People had said that he used too many tricks of narration, like the Newsreels and the Camera Eye; now he tells a straight story. People had said that his characters were presented only from the outside; now he also tries to tell what happened in a man's head. People had said that his characters were passive, without any power of decision; now he deals with a moment of choice that determined his hero's life. The result is a book that reads more like other people's novels than anything Dos Passos has written. Everything depends on the hero; and Glenn Spotswood is simply not interesting or strong enough to carry the burden of the story.

Indeed he is presented in such a way as to make the title seem singularly inappropriate. These are not the adventures of a young man, as they seemed to the young man who was having the adventures. There is no youth in the writing, and hardly a trace of the pleasure a young man sometimes feels in simply being alive. From beginning to end of the story, the hero is being duped and used and cast aside, now by a sexually unsatisfied woman, now by a political party in need of converts. That isn't the fashion in which any young man would present his own career; it is the bitter judgment of middle age.

Yet the fault of this honestly and painfully disillusioned book is that it isn't disillusioned enough. Let us admit for the sake of argument that Dos Passos is right about the decay of American society as a whole. Let us also admit that he is right about the Communists. (He is factually wrong, I know, about some of the struggles in which Communists played a part, for example, the Harlan strike of 1932 and the Spanish Civil War, but morally justified in saying that a great many Communists are merely bureaucrats of the revolution, clinging to their own positions and careless about the liberty of others.) Why doesn't he go much further? Why doesn't he drop the illusions that he still seems to hold about the Communist Opposition and the Anarchists (I could tell him a story) and the happy scientists like Spotswood's friend Paul Graves? Once embarked on the path of cynicism, he has no logical stopping point until he finally admits that everybody's actions—yours and mine and his own—are based on habits, appetites and the desire for self-preservation. But even that is not the end of the journey. Having come down from the high mountains of idealism, having entered the common morass of human motives, he might see hillocks rising from the swamp. He might recognize the kindness of ordinary people for the astonishing thing it is. He might even celebrate the real (if impure and limited) heroism of an or-

[1] Adventures of a Young Man. [illegible]

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Midpassage—Toward What?

America in Midpassage, by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Volume III of the Rise of American Civilization. New York: The Macmillan Company. 980 pages. $3.50.

THE MOTTO that Charles and Mary Beard prefix to their huge history of the last decade in America is *Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* "In the midpassage of our life": this hint from Dante of epic sweep and of reminiscence fraught with a sense of fatality is exactly the note to which the whole "Rise of American Civilization" has been keyed. The present volume, the third in that already classic work, is a striking achievement in contemporary history. Yet whether they are writing of the distant past or of only yesterday the Beards always write impassioned prose in the grand manner. They may be dealing with the onward march of a triumphant capitalism in the mid-century or with the intellectual bankruptcy of the Lords of Creation under Herbert Hoover. They may be examining the economic forces behind the Jacksonian revolution or the economic implications of the New Deal program. But always they write with an unflagging magisterial air, and always they marshal their materials within a frame that keeps a sure tension between a detachment about the facts and a concern about the values of American life. Charles Beard's basic philosophy and method have been challenged time and again by some of the younger men. Yet as working craftsmen he and Mary Beard have no equals today in the field of American history, whether among old or young.

An analysis of that craftsmanship is no easy task, for Charles Beard's whole philosophy of history is elusive, his master-theme of the dominance of the economic in the stream of history has been a shifting affair, his process of synthesizing the major forces in history is at once bold and subtle. Add the fact that the Beards have by now developed a style which is as much their characteristic creation as that of Parkman, Gibbon or John Fiske—a style that is a blend of Olympianism and the concrete, and that is complete even down to the mannerisms of the favorite vocabulary and a repetitive pattern of rhythm and sentence structure. The Beards have become literary artists without ceasing to be good historians: hence the impressive popularity of "The Rise of American Civilization." Beside these volumes the "epics" of James Truslow Adams, which once had great popular vogue in the decade that this book covers, seem thin and amateurish. Here is no genteel tradition, no dilution of the strong stuff of history to suit the mental digestions of women's clubs. Here are sweep, learning, depth, tough-mindedness.

I could document this judgment at length, but the Beards do not need such praise. More important for historical scholarship in America are the problems of method and philosophy that the book raises. One set of problems relates to the technical premises on which the Beards' *Kulturgeschichte* rests. The second concerns the basic premises of their social analysis.

I call their work *Kulturgeschichte* because the authors have attempted to trace the whole moving stream of American culture through time. They recognize nothing as outside life beyond the political and the economic. To write this kind of history, the historian today must equate the scope of his interests and the range of his talents with the whole bewildering variety of American life. He must be economist, politician, administrator, military and foreign-affairs expert, geographer, educationist, sociologist, lawyer, scientist, literary and artistic critic; and he must finally be part of and yet detached from the ways in which the American masses spend what we call by a euphemism their income and their leisure. To do this well is the privilege of only a very few. Some must be excluded because they lack the gusto for it, others because they are not well enough rounded. To say that the Beards fall down at some points is therefore not a damaging criticism. What is amazing is not that they show some faults in their chapters on foreign policy, literature and esthetics, but that on the whole the competence of any authors should be so well sustained.

The weakness in the foreign-policy chapters is not one of *expertise* but one of perspective. Here is a problem that touches the authors so deeply that the protagonist elbows out the narrator and critic. The chapters on the New Deal foreign policy are only brilliant pamphleteering. It is interesting, for example, to compare the way the authors handle the debate over radio control and the debate over foreign policy. Their discussion of the first ends with a set of questions. The reason is probably that the Beards have no particular emotion and no finality of belief on radio control, while in foreign policy they are vigorous isolationists, and every effort toward historical neutrality melts away under the fierce fire of their indignation.

With respect to the literary and artistic history of the period, the problem is a different one. I am not sure that the Beards have decided here whether the function of the historian is to be that of chronicler or critic. The result is that they are sometimes one and sometimes the other. I assume that there is a difference between literary history and literary criticism. Literary history as part of cultural history is concerned with popular themes and tastes, with fashions in ideas, with formative literary movements and their relation to the culture as a whole. Literary criticism is concerned with esthetic and social values. In dealing with the movies as entertainment and as molders of the mass mind the Beards do a stunning historian's job. But in dealing with the "ranges" of literature during the period, they fall on the one hand to cataloguing and read at times like a digest of weekly book reviews; and on the other hand, when they make sorties as literary critics, they are not always felicitous. I doubt whether Kay Boyle's "My Next Bride," for example, deserves three pages whether as literary art or social documentation as compared with a short paragraph for William Faulkner; or whether if one poet only were to be quoted in addition to Edna Millay, Archibald MacLeish and Carl Sandburg, it should be Phyllis McGinley. The chapters on literature, esthetics and science lack the sense of authority which, for example, the chapter on social thought possesses.

All these "cultural" chapters, moreover, suffer by being segregated from the rest of the book and thus abstracted from the current of events. For example, if the brilliant chapter on "Frames of Social Thought" had been worked

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thus have been that mutuality of relation—what Engels calls *Wechselwirkung*—between the economic and ideologic which would illumine each. Perhaps I am setting up an unattainable objective. But, sliced as it is into cultural segments, the book tends to fall apart, somewhat after the manner of a symposium, except that this is a symposium written wholly by the same hands. There still remains for us the problem of narrating cultural history so as to present the whole moving stream of it.

I turn finally to the implications for social thought of what the Beards might call their "overarching conception" as expressed in the title. Many times in the book a phrase like "in the strange times of the midpassage" occurs. Clearly the Beards are trying to give the recent decade of American life a definite stamp of a transition period. But "midpassage" can mean nothing unless we know to what. The present volume ends on a gallant note, with a chapter on "Reconstruction of Democracy" whose thesis is that the best currents of American life have always moved toward a "humanist democracy" and that the New Deal must be seen as a reassertion of those same impulses. But unless this chapter be set down as mainly in the nature of peroration, a final flight into the hortatory realm after the grime and muck of actual history, it is fair to ask whether the rest of the book bears it out. If the economic rulers of America are as morally bankrupt and politically blind as the Beards convincingly make them out to be, if the New Dealers are as blundering and militaristic, labor as uncohesive, the Marxists as dunderheaded and the middle class as capitalist-minded, then how shall we ever achieve a humanist future? One does not demand of historians that they chart the path toward the future, but one may well ask those whose whole concept is that of "midpassage" by what favoring winds and through whose oar-power and seamanship they hope to reach the fair haven.

To speak of midpassage, given the present strong undertow of reactionary opinion in America, would be a grim sort of jest, unless one were to seek to discover the potentials of a democratic renaissance. But it is hard to find them in this book in any convincing form. There is no analysis of the economic imperatives that would lead to democratic survival within a planned economy, and no indication of how the New Deal economic effort can be salvaged short of planning. There are no world movements that can offer hope, if the Beards' contention be true that America's destiny is solitary. What analysis there is of class contours, chiefly in the chapter on labor, shows labor and agriculture and the middle class at sword's points, with the middle-class mentality as the one dominant force. There are some fine notes of affirmation, as in the discussion of the TVA, the Federal Theatre venture and the CIO leadership, but they are isolated and unconnected. The very qualities which give the book its distinction—a prevailing judiciousness of tone, a tentativeness of judgment, a fine balancing of opposed forces—are the qualities that make it unlikely that the authors will uncover in the last decade those energies of idea, of economic thrust, of class, of social movement, out of which the American future must be forged. I say "must" and should add—if it is to be tough enough to survive and humanist enough to be worth survival.

Lacking this firmness of analysis, there is a danger that torian what the "social process" concept has been for the American sociologist—a way of indicating motion and change without indicating its quality or direction. Lacking it, this brilliant book remains, for all its talent, truncated—an ironically expressive monument to a decade that presumably has not known where it is going or how it will get there.

MAX LERNER

Dr. Shadid's Hospital

A Doctor for the People, by Michael A. Shadid. New York: The Vanguard Press. 288 pages. $2.50.

A BOY WHO CAME to the United States from a poverty-stricken Syrian home grew up to found this country's first coöperative hospital. Here is refutation for those who argue that immigrants from other lands are a liability rather than an asset. Yet doctors interested in preserving the medical status quo would probably swear that Dr. Michael A. Shadid has been a subversive element. His book, "A Doctor for the People," is in part a personal record of battles fought and won, in part a tract for the coöperative idea. Unfortunately the personal record, while interesting, is pedestrian and too sketchy to have the rich humanity of a doctor's case-book.

After the young immigrant had earned his medical education by years of successful peddling, he was able to hang up his shingle, first in a small town in Missouri and later in western Oklahoma towns, ending up in Elk City. He saw plenty to shock him: inept doctors who, to solve their own economic problems, performed needless operations with fatal results; farm families that mortgaged their homes to pay the doctor's bill and sometimes lost them; bitter distrust of all doctors; a dearth of trained specialists and ignorance and reaction among his colleagues. Eager for growth, the young doctor took post-graduate courses and found that his practice increased in proportion to his knowledge and skill in new techniques. Like his fellows, Dr. Shadid delights to tell of cases where other physicians had failed and he succeeded. Yet he is candid enough to confess that as a young doctor he once lost a child suffering from diphtheria, through negligence. Even years later, the confession in print of as unexceptional an incident as this must be in a doctor's career, has taken courage.

Michael Shadid has courage. If he had not, he would never have persevered in his struggle to found the Elk City Community Hospital in 1930. Because of the great need, the coöperative project started with a bang. Before the Beckham County Medical Society could bring up its big guns, 700 families of townspeople and farmers had joined the coöperative at $50 each. Doctors who ran hospitals for profit immediately took alarm, and for the next seven years the battle raged. Threatened with the loss of his license, Dr. Shadid found it difficult and at times impossible to employ other doctors. But he had two trump cards: the Farmers' Union, which backed the hospital, and Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, who issued a proclamation protecting Dr. Shadid and the Community Hospital from persecution.

After Governor Marland had succeeded Murray, Dr. Shadid and his supporters had

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Community Hospital came out on top because western Oklahomans, of sturdy pioneer stock, insisted on their right to get the best medical attention at a cost they could afford.

The AMA's role in the fight is even more inglorious than its opposition to the Washington, D. C., group-health plan. Washington already has good hospitals, even if too expensive for many non-insured patients; western Oklahoma, on the other hand, was a medical desert, getting along with the most inadequate kind of institutions.

At present 2,000 families belong to the Community Hospital. Each family pays $25 a year, and for this sum receives complete medical care throughout the year. Hospital board and room cost $2 a day and the rates for operations run from $10 (tonsils) to $20 (appendix).

I could wish for more detailed information about the operation of this eighty-five-bed hospital. Has the maternal mortality rate been effectively reduced? What economic levels of the population use the hospital? How much time do the staff doctors give to their private practices? And is there not need for a staff of visiting nurses and doctors to cover the clinical work in the outlying territory served by the hospital?

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

More in Love Than in Anger

Collected Poems, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Harper and Brothers. 174 pages. $2.50.

THIS IS POETRY to delight in any time, but to be specially grateful for now. It is the poetry of a revolutionary, and yet it is positive, affirmative poetry, more generous with love than with anger. I don't mean that all Marxian poetry is angry poetry, or that none of Miss Taggard's poetry is angry. It's impossible to write without anger now. But Miss Taggard stresses the strength and beauty of humanity much more than the waste of it. Her poems say far more decisively than most Marxian poetry, "People are poor in terrible and unnecessary ways; rich in all necessary ways. It is not because we are poor that we make the revolution, but because we are so rich."

Not a preponderant number of poems in this collection are revolutionary in the strict sense. (Fortunately, the tendency to use more strictness than sense in recognizing revolutionary poetry is abating.) Those that meet the strict definition date from about 1930, or halfway in this collection of twenty years' poetry. But there is no break or strain between the earlier poems and the later, consciously social ones. It is somewhat surprising to find a poet who even in her earliest work is not much concerned with telling anyone, even herself, that she *is* herself. It is beautifully clear that to this poet her experience is always more valuable because she knows it is not hers alone. This is the very core of the poetry, not merely an effect attempted by saying "You" or "We" instead of "I." Most of the poems say "I." A poem is an "I" thing, an individual piece of work. What makes the desire to do it, and gives the work done its force, is more than an individual thing, and Miss Taggard was always a big enough poet to know this and delight in it.

There are a few poems to bicker with. I don't like the three to Emily Dickinson "in her own language." Miss Taggard's own technique is as unmistakable as it is unobtrusive. However, it breaks down in "On Planting a Lilac in Vermont" and "To My Students," which seem to me conscientiously social writing rather than socially conscious poetry. Marxian poets may feel that since their poetry comes in great part from the invigoration and direction they get from a specific social philosophy and program, it is their duty to do some proselyting. Or that they have to make an explanatory frame of not-poetry, for the specific ideas that are not common enough knowledge as yet to be understood in the more general, emotional meanings of poetry. But this is an excuse, which for Miss Taggard should be unnecessary, as she herself proves with poems like "USSR 1917-1937," "Black Sea Rest Home" and others, which are explicitly social, and also are poetry.

Nobody can discuss poetry in the least adequately without letting the poetry talk. There are many things to quote from this book. "Lark" is one of the loveliest of lyric poems, but it is too long to quote here entire, and too perfect to take apart. I choose these lines from a poem on Pushkin because they give something not only of this book and this poet, but something about the poetry, including her own poetry, that is yet to be written:

> Language and time distort. We discount and we doubt
> The eulogies in books. How well does this poet resist
> Time's waste, we ask. Is he spoken? Are lines lifted out
> And used? In spite of gigantic change does he persist?
>
> Spoiled noble and great poet. How great we see:
> They bend over Pushkin's pages, smile, argue, sing his airs.
> Pushkin is the worker's love, study, pleasure. We
> Measure his name by this, that he is theirs.

MARIE DE L. WELCH

One Strike

The Stars and Stripes Forever, by Elliot Paul. New York: Random House. $2.50.

MR. PAUL has gone back to New England for this novel, which is about a strike in a quiet Connecticut town. It is a good novel and a tragic strike; but on both counts it sets you thinking.

The strike novel, at first unfamiliar and then not very well done, is steadily forced by the nature of its subject to follow certain patterns: the discontent, the meetings, the new converts, occasional renegades and spies; the company-union idea and the general run-around; the use of Citizens' Committees, the Legion and newspaper distortion; labor spies, finks and gorillas; the actual strike with picketing, arrests, councils of war, morale and money running low, injunctions, state troopers—the climax either in victory or a final rout. This is intensely interesting material; but the material itself is so nearly the whole novel that I wonder whether as a novel it can continue to hold readers—or will the general reader with a good heart get as cynically knowing and bored with foreseen developments as the industrial-relations man in this book?

The different angle in Paul's book is that the story is told by the brother-in-law of the man who owns the fac-

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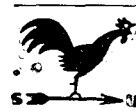

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where he will be a menace to the other side is a weak point). Other sympathizers from the upper class are the owner's wife, a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, a newspaperman, a store owner. The book builds up the division of forces very neatly in a factory ball game; it keeps the pleasant town and its people very clearly to the fore all through—you remember New England as you read it, and after finishing you can recall at least two dozen characters. It keeps moving and has a couple of mighty rows before the plant, and other convincing rough stuff. The owner's trump card—emigration across the state line—breaks the town but not the strike. He wins sheerly by spending money, losing his home ties, and calling in Burns men, Legion men, private guards and troopers at the end.

Since the town and factory were on a paternalistic basis and the men were getting union conditions in actual fact, I think Paul is a bit glib to show them joining 60 per-cent with a union whose only offer was a signed agreement. And admitting the long-term necessity of such a strife, the outcome as fiction is another objection to this type of strike novel—in a more distant sense it is an objection to all strike novels. For even with the genuine bitter hardship of the average working community, the personal tragedy of broken heads and starved families is never truly resolved by an all's-well appeal to the ultimate of labor theory. Characters known by the proxy of fiction may not be killed off without some direct justification to the reader's feeling for them, belief in them, and hope.

Tenets, even of the conflict of classes, are still remote things and cold comfort. Even when the people *must* fight and you are for them, it is hard to see them fight to so little direct purpose. Often the strike novel gets away from this by making its people impersonal, standing for this or that, but not living in the imagination (and thus sapping any true fictional appeal). Here, even in a better story than others, you have been introduced to so many characters in the course of many events that you haven't had time to know any one. Everybody's loss is impersonal as a diagram, and as truly appealing to the heart. OTIS FERGUSON

New Books: A Reader's List

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, by Victor Heiser (Norton, $2.50). Cheerful, common-sense advice by the author of "An American Doctor's Odyssey," most of it calculated to keep his own profession from doing too much business. For hardy people bothered by nothing more than a stomach-ache or sneeze.

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LIFE ON AN ICE FLOE, by Ivan Papanin (Julian Messner, $2.50). Translated from the Russian. The diary of one of the four Soviet explorers who spent nine months on an ice floe moving away from the North Pole. A frostbitten, sober, dramatic record—with no literary flourishes and no need for any.

CALIFORNIA: A Guide to the Golden State, by Members of the Federal Writers' Project (Hastings House, $2.50). A bigger and better guide (no fooling) to the bigger and better state; 745 pages of history, romance, scenery, industry and promise—and pick your road to the rainbow. Good illustrations to prove it all and a special guide to the West Coast Exposition.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, by Katherine John (Putnam's, $3.50). A chatty, sympathetic biography of "Loulou," son of Napoleon III and Eugénie, who at fifteen was an exile in England and at twenty-three was killed in the Zulu War. Mrs. John can't make any of this important, but she has it well in hand and gives it all a good deal of charm.

THE WOMAN IN THE HALL, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan, $2.50). The lady in the case is the confidence trickster who tries to get past the butler or parlor maid with a sheaf of papers to prove that she is a deserted widow or something else pathetic and worthy. The novelist tricks out her yarn with psychological explorations, but without making you feel that she knows as much about her latest character as about those she has previously treated.

Notes About Books and Magazines

With the issue of June, 1939, The FIGHT for Peace and Democracy, now in its sixth year, comes out under a new name, The WORLD for Peace and Democracy.

To celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of Mary Roberts Rinehart's first mystery novel, Farrar and Rinehart announce a prize mystery-novel contest, to close October 31, 1939. A cash prize of $1,000, against royalties, will be paid on announcement of the judges' decision. Any person whose contractual obligations permit, and who has never before published a mystery novel in book form, is eligible.

A $1.98 edition of Carl Zigrosser's "Six Centuries of Fine Prints"—originally issued at $5—will be published on June 12 by the Garden City Publishing Company.

In a review of "The Key to New York," by Rosalie Slocum and Ann Todd, in The New Republic of May 24, 1939, we failed to mention that the book is published in a $2 cloth edition by Harper and Brothers, as well as in the 95-cent paper edition issued by Modern Age Books.

Contributors

JOHN HAMILTON is the pseudonym of a well known author and journalist living in Los Angeles.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," has been a resident counselor in American History at Harvard University for the past year.

E. J. KAHN JR. is on the editorial staff of The New Yorker and has contributed to Vogue and Coronet.

MAX LERNER is professor of Political Science at Williams College. He is the author of "It Is Later Than You Think," published last fall by The Viking Press.

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY writes a daily column for The New York Post. She is the author of "Birth Control: Its Use and Misuse."

MARIE DE L. WELCH's second book of verse will be pub-

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